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22	0 11 7½	1 3 3	1 14 10½	36	1 13 9	3 7 6	5 1 3
23	0 12 4½	1 4 9	1 17 1½	37	1 17 4½	3 14 9	5 12 1½
24	0 13 2	1 6 6	1 19 9	38	2 1 6	4 3 0	6 4 6
25	0 14 1½	1 8 3	2 2 4½	39	2 6 9	4 13 6	7 0 3
26	0 15 1½	1 10 3	2 5 4½	40	2 13 0	5 6 0	7 19 0
27	0 16 3	1 12 6	2 8 9	41	3 0 10½	6 1 9	9 2 7½
28	0 17 6	1 15 0	2 12 6	42	3 11 1½	7 2 3	10 13 4½
29	0 18 9	1 17 6	2 16 3	43	4 0 0	8 0 0	12 0 0
30	1 0 3	2 0 6	3 0 9	44	4 10 7½	9 1 3	13 11 10½
31	1 1 10½	2 3 9	3 5 7½	45	5 3 9	10 7 6	15 11 3
32	1 3 7½	2 7 3	3 10 10½	46	6 0 4½	12 0 9	18 1 1½
33	1 5 7½	2 11 3	3 16 10½	47	7 1 9	14 3 6	21 5 3
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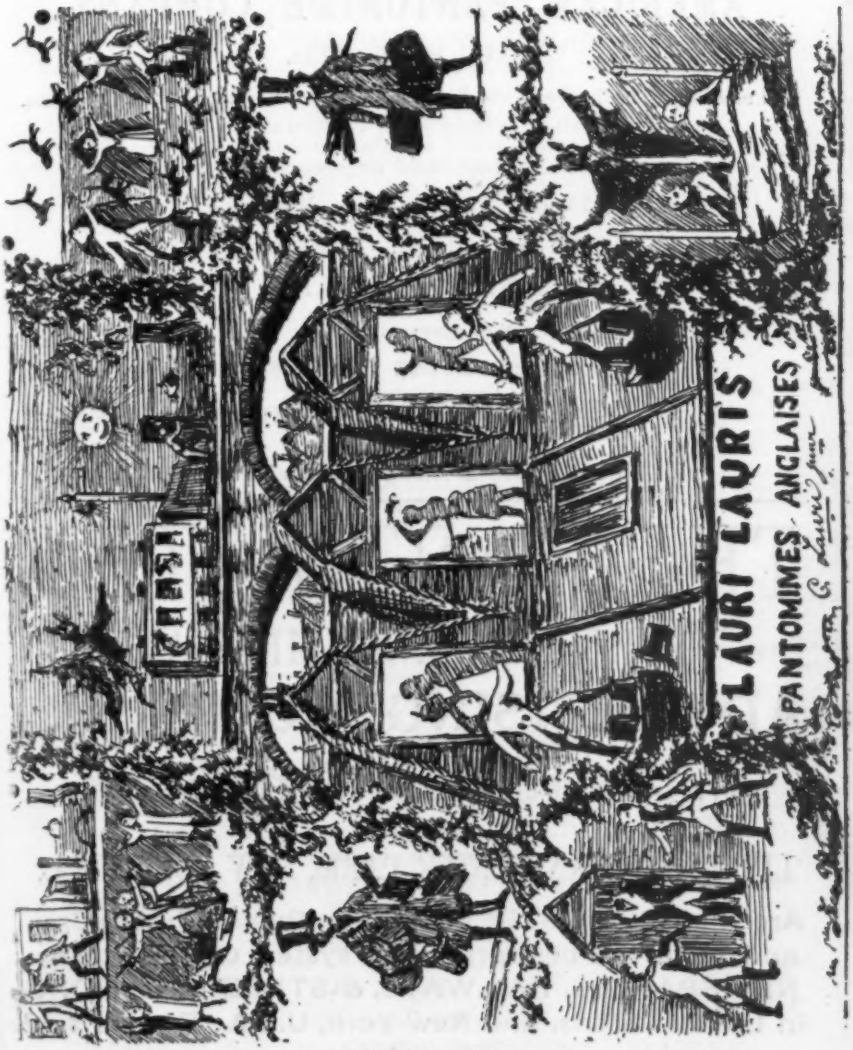

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1889.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD LEDGER.

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JANUARY.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Jan. 1. New Moon, 9h. 8m. p.m.
9. First Quarter 0h. 41m. a.m.
Jan. 17. Full Moon, 5h. 37m. a.m.
24. Last Quarter, 3h. 57m. p.m.
Jan. 31. New Moon, 9h. 10m. a.m.

"Cheer your heart,
And let determined things to Destiny
Hold unbewailed their way."
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	Tu	The Fifth Avenue Theatre burned down, 1873.	8 8R
2	W	First Sixpenny day at Crystal Palace, 1876, when 8,287 persons paid.	4 0S
3	Th	Macarthy, the Lion Tamer, killed at Bolton, Lancashire, 1872.	8 8R
4	F	The Bolton Theatre burned down, 1888.	4 2S
5	S	New Grand Opera House at Paris opened, 1875.	8 8R
6	S	EPIPHANY.	4 4S
7	M	Marriage of the Aztecs at St. George's, Hanover Square, 1867.	8 7R
8	Tu	Plays performed in London on Sundays out of prayer hours, 1578.	4 6S
9	W	Patrick O'Brien, nearly nine feet high, last exhibited in London, 1804.	8 6R
10	Th	Farewell Banquet to Charles Mathews at Willis's Rooms, 1870.	4 10S
11	F	Sam Scott, the American Diver, hung himself on Waterloo Bridge, 1841.	8 5R
12	S	Equestrian Performances first introduced at the Lyceum, 1844.	4 13S
13	S	1ST AFTER EPIPHANY.	8 4R
14	M	Prince of Wales's Theatre, Glasgow, burned down, 1869.	4 16S
15	Tu	Italian Opera House, Paris, burned down, 1838.	8 2R
16	W	The first Theatrical Benefit ever granted taken by Mrs. Barry, 1687.	4 19S
17	Th	The Siamese Twins died, 1874.	8 0R
18	F	Panic at Hebrew Dramatic Club, 17 persons killed, 1887.	4 22S
19	S	Royal Albert Hall, Glasgow, burned down, 1876.	7 58R
20	S	2ND AFTER EPIPHANY.	4 26S
21	M	The Polytechnic Institution finally closed, 1882.	7 56R
22	Tu	Opening of the Royal Westminster Aquarium, 1876.	4 29S
23	W	First Patent granted to Actors by Queen Elizabeth, 1574.	7 53R
24	Th	The Strand Theatre opened as "Rayner's Subscription Theatre," 1832.	4 34S
25	F	Opening of the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, 1871.	7 51R
26	S	New Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, opened, 1876.	4 36S
27	S	3RD AFTER EPIPHANY.	7 49R
28	M	All Stage Plays suppressed by the Puritans, 1633.	4 43S
29	Tu	Meeting at St. James's Palace to found a Royal College of Music, 1882.	7 46R
30	W	Circular issued by the Lord Chamberlain respecting Ballet Costumes, 1869.	4 43S
31	Th	The Glasgow Theatre Royal burned down, 1863.	7 42R

THE CALENDAR.

The year 1889 is the latter part of the 5649th and the beginning of the 5650th year since the creation of the world, according to Hebrew computation. The year 5650 of the Jewish Era commences on September 26, 1889, being the 7th year of the 298th cycle of 19 years. The Passover is commemorated April 16; the Second Passover, May 15; the Tabernacle, October 10; and the Feast of the Eighth Day, October 18.

FEBRUARY.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Feb. 7. First Quarter, 8h. 58m. p.m. | Feb. 15. Full Moon, 10h. 17m. p.m.
Feb. 22. Last Quarter, 11h. 55m. p.m.

"It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking."
JULIUS CÆSAR.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	F	Glasgow Theatre Royal again burned down, 1879.	7 41R
2	S	Stalls first introduced into English Theatres by Alfred Bunn, 1833.	4 50S
3	S	4TH AFTER EPIPHANY.	7 38R
4	M	Frost Fair on the Thames, 1814.	4 53S
5	TU	Jenny Lind married Otto Goldschmidt at Boston, America, 1852.	7 34R
6	W	The old Exeter Theatre burned, 1885.	4 57S
7	TH	John Parry's Farewell Benefit at Gaiety Theatre, 1877.	7 31R
8	F	*Lohengrin* first performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, 1880.	5 0S
9	S	Dublin Theatre Royal burned down in the afternoon, 1880.	7 27R
10	S	5TH AFTER EPIPHANY.	5 4S
11	M	The first Patent passed creating a Master of the Revels, 1545.	7 24R
12	TU	St. Martin's Music Hall, Long Acre, opened, 1850.	5 7S
13	W	Opera House, Northampton, burned, 1887.	7 20R
14	TH	The old Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel, burned down, 1856.	5 12S
15	F	The Huddersfield Theatre burned down, 1880.	7 16R
16	S	American Theatre, San Francisco, burned down, 1868.	5 15S
17	S	SEPTUAGESIMA.	7 12R
18	M	Closing of Covent Garden Theatre by English Opera Company, 1866.	5 19S
19	TU	Funeral of Herr Wagner at Bayreuth, 1883.	7 8R
20	W	Horses first introduced on Covent Garden stage in *Bluebeard*, 1811.	5 22S
21	TH	The City Theatre, Milton Street, Cripplegate, first opened, 1830.	7 4R
22	F	The Rose Theatre, in Southwark, opened by Henslowe, 1585.	5 26S
23	S	*The Peri of Peru* declared an illegal entertainment at the Canterbury, 1880.	7 0R
24	S	SEXAGESIMA.	5 30S
25	M	The Garrick Club, King Street, Covent Garden, founded, 1831.	6 56R
26	TU	Macready's Farewell Benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, 1851.	5 33S
27	W	Exeter Hall first opened, 1831.	6 52R
28	TH	Union Square Theatre, New York, burned, 1888.	5 37S

ECLIPSES, 1889.

In the year 1889 there will be three Eclipses of the Sun and two of the Moon.

JANUARY 1.—A Total Eclipse of the Sun, invisible from Europe. The Central Eclipse begins at 24 minutes after 8h. p.m., Greenwich mean time, in longitude 177 deg. E. of Greenwich, and north latitude 53 deg. in the North Pacific Ocean. The Central Eclipse at its greatest, at 16 minutes after 9h. p.m. Greenwich time, will still be in the North Pacific Ocean, some distance west of the coast of North America, in longitude 138 deg. W. of Greenwich, and latitude 26½ deg. N.; and the Central Eclipse will end at 11h. 30m. p.m., Greenwich time, in North America, in longitude 94 deg. W. of Greenwich, and 52½ deg. north latitude.

JANUARY 17.—A Partial Eclipse of the Moon on the morning of this day. It begins at 1 minute before 4h. a.m. The middle of the Eclipse will be at 5h. 30m. a.m., and it will end at 7h. a.m. At the time of the middle of the Eclipse, about seven-tenths of the Moon's diameter will be hidden. The Moon sets at 8h. 9m. a.m.

JUNE 28.—An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, invisible from Europe. The Central Eclipse begins at 21 minutes after 7h. a.m. in longitude 3½ deg. W. of Greenwich, and south latitude 32½ deg., a little to the west of Southern Africa. The central line will pass over South Africa a little north of Madagascar, across the Indian Ocean, to a place in 98 deg. east longitude, and south latitude 27½ deg., where

MARCH.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

March 1. New Moon, 10h. 1m. p.m. | March 17. Full Moon, 11h. 48m. a.m.
9. First Quarter, 5h. 59m. p.m. | 24. Last Quarter, 6h. 54m. a.m.
March 31. New Moon, 11h. 37m. a.m.

"All with one consent praise new-born gauds,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted."

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	F	The Great Compton Benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, 1877.	6 47R
2	S	Benjamin Webster's Complimentary Benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, 1874.	5 40S
3	S	QUINQUAGESIMA.	6 43R
4	M	The First Oratorio performed at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, 1732.	5 44S
5	Tu	Covent Garden Theatre burned down, 1856.	6 39R
6	W	First Playhouse erected in Shoreditch, 1570.	5 47S
7	Th	The Savage Club performed before the Queen, at the Lyceum, 1860.	6 34R
8	F	Weber first conducted *Der Freyschütz* at Covent Garden Theatre, 1826.	5 51S
9	S	Dramatic Dinner to the late Lord Mayor Cotton at Willis's Rooms, 1877	6 30R
10	S	1ST IN LENT.	5 54S
11	M	Weston's Music Hall, Holborn, sold for £16,000, 1866.	6 25R
12	Tu	The third Drury Lane Theatre opened, 1794.	5 57S
13	W	Southminster Theatre, Edinburgh, burned down, 1875.	6 21R
14	Th	New Variety Theatre, Hoxton, opened, 1870.	6 1S
15	F	Surrey Theatre, Sheffield, burned down, 1865.	6 16R
16	S	East London Theatre burned down, 1879.	6 4S
17	S	2ND IN LENT.	6 12R
18	M	Elephant and Castle Theatre sold by Auction for £2,750, 1875.	6 8S
19	Tu	The Oxford first opened with a Grand Inaugural Concert, 1861.	6 7R
20	W	The Baguet Theatre, Oporto, burned down, 1838; loss of 80 lives.	6 11S
21	Th	Will of Mr. Charles Kean proved, 1868, under £35,000.	6 3R
22	F	John Baum retired from Management of the Alhambra, 1875.	6 15S
23	S	Opera House at Nice burned down, 1881; loss of 62 lives.	5 58R
24	S	3RD IN LENT.	6 18S
25	M	Edmund Kean's last appearance on the stage at Covent Garden, 1833.	5 53R
26	Tu	The "Compton Benefit" at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, 1877.	6 21S
27	W	City of London Theatre, Norton Folgate, first opened, 1837.	5 49R
28	Th	The South London Music Hall burned down, 1869.	6 25S
29	F	Opening of the Albert Hall, Kensington, 1871.	5 44R
30	S	The Newington Butts Theatre erected, 1580.	6 23S
31	S	4th IN LENT.	5 40R

the Central Eclipse will end at 39 minutes after 10h. a.m., Greenwich time.

JULY 12.—A Partial Eclipse of the Moon during the evening. The Eclipse begins at 43 minutes after 7h. p.m., but at this time the Moon is below the horizon. She rises at London at 8h. 13m. p.m., partly eclipsed. The middle of the Eclipse will be at 54 minutes after 8h., at which time rather less than one half of her diameter will be hidden; and the Eclipse will end at 5 minutes after 10h. p.m.

DECEMBER 22.—A Total Eclipse of the Sun, not visible from Europe. The Central Eclipse begins at 13 minutes after 11h. a.m., Greenwich time, in longitude 72 deg. west of Greenwich, and 15 deg. north latitude, in the Caribbean Sea; then passes near the northern boundary of South America, crosses the Equator in 30 deg. west longitude and thence across Southern Africa; and ends at 35 minutes after 2h. p.m., in 48 deg. 40 min. east longitude, and 5 deg. 10 min. north latitude. This Eclipse will be visible in the northern half of South America; in Africa, with the exception of the north-west; in Arabia, and in the Atlantic Ocean.

APRIL.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

April 8. First Quarter. 1h. 47m. p.m.
15. Full Moon, 10h. 19m. p.m.
22. Last Quarter, 1h. 56m. p.m.
30. New Moon, 2h. 5m. a.m.

"As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair."
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets
1	M	Signor Salvini's first appearance in England at Drury Lane Theatre, 1875.	5 38R
2	Tu	*Tom and Jerry* first produced at Astley's, 1821.	6 33S
3	W	Greenwich Fair abolished, 1857.	5 34R
4	Th	Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh, burned down, 1877.	6 37S
5	F	Floral Hall, Piazza, Covent Garden, built, 1863.	5 29R
6	S	Covent Garden Theatre first opened as an Italian Opera House, 1847.	6 40S
7	☽	5TH IN LENT.	5 24R
8	M	The effects of "The Old Beef Steak Club" sold, 1869.	6 43S
9	Tu	Leotard's reappearance at The Alhambra after two years' absence, 1868.	5 20R
10	W	Opening of Highbury Barn under E. T. Smith's management, 1871.	6 45S
11	Th	New Theatre, Torquay, opened, 1880.	5 15R
12	F	Risley's Troupe of Acrobats first appeared in London, at Lyceum, 1868.	6 48S
13	S	Theatres in London first opened during Passion Week, 1862.	5 11R
14	☽	PALM SUNDAY.	6 52S
15	M	Aquarium Theatre first opened by Mr. Edgar Bruce, 1876.	5 7R
16	Tu	Vaudeville Theatre, Strand, first opened, 1870.	6 55S
17	W	Return of Mr. Henry Irving to London from America, 1885.	5 2R
18	Th	1,362nd and last night of *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville, 1879.	6 59S
19	F	GOOD FRIDAY. Tussaud's Waxwork first exhibited at the Lyceum, 1802.	4 58R
20	S	The Opera House, Hamilton, Canada, burned down, 1878.	7 2S
21	☽	EASTER DAY.	4 55R
22	M	EASTER MONDAY. Grantham Theatre burned down, 1888.	7 6S
23	Tu	William Shakespeare born, 1564; died 1616.	4 51R
24	W	Alhambra Palace first opened as a Theatre, 1871.	7 10S
25	Th	Almack's Assembly Rooms opened with a grand Ball, 1765.	4 47R
26	F	The Globe Theatre, Bankside, opened for the first time, 1594.	7 13S
27	S	The Paris Garden Theatre leased by Henslowe and Alleyne, 1592.	4 43R
28	☾	LOW SUNDAY.	7 16S
29	M	Oriental and Turkish Museum, Knightsbridge, opened, 1854.	4 39R
30	Tu	New Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields first opened, 1695.	7 19S

THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY.

THE QUEEN.—VICTORIA, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India. Born, May 24, 1819; succeeded to the throne on the death of her uncle, King William IV., June 20, 1837; crowned in Westminster Abbey, June 28, 1838; proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi, January 1, 1877. Her parents were Prince Edward, Duke of Kent and Strathearne (fourth son of George III.), and Victoria Mary Louisa, daughter of Francis Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfield. The Queen married Prince Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. He died December 14, 1861.

THE QUEEN'S SONS.—The Prince of Wales (Albert Edward), born November 9, 1841; married, March 10, 1863, Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Their children:—Albert Victor, born January 8, 1864; George, born June 3, 1865; Louise, born Feb. 20, 1867; Victoria, born July 6, 1868; Maude, born November 26, 1869; Alexander, born April 6, 1871, died April 7, 1871.

The Duke of Edinburgh (Alfred Ernest Albert) born August 6, 1844; married January 23, 1874,

MAY.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

May 8. First Quarter, 6h. 43m. a.m.
15. Full Moon, 6h. 42m. a.m.
21. Last Quarter, 9h. 57m. p.m.
29. New Moon, 5h. 20m. p.m.

"The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby."
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	W	Opening of New Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, 1875.	4 35R
2	TH	St. James's Hall, Liverpool, burned down, 1875.	7 23S
3	F	Japanese Village, Knightsbridge, burned down, 1885.	4 31R
4	S	Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, burned, 1883.	7 26S
5	✠	2ND AFTER EASTER.	4 27R
6	M	Shakespeare becomes joint proprietor of the Blackfriars Theatre, 1589.	7 29S
7	TU	Manchester Theatre Royal burned down, 1844.	4 24R
8	W	*The School for Scandal* produced at Drury Lane Theatre, 1777.	7 32S
9	TH	Opening of the American Exhibition, Earl's Court, 1887.	4 21R
10	F	The Great Riot at the Astor Opera House, New York, 1849.	7 35S
11	S	The Old Coburg Theatre first opened, 1818.	4 17R
12	✠	3RD AFTER EASTER.	7 38S
13	M	Bagnigge Wells first opened as a place of public amusement, 1767.	4 14R
14	TU	Footmen admitted to gallery without charge by Manager Rich, 1697.	7 41S
15	W	Promenade Concerts commenced at Holborn Amphitheatre, 1869.	4 11R
16	TH	Stadt Theatre, Vienna, burned down, 1884.	7 44S
17	F	Movable scenes first used in Rome, 1508.	4 8R
18	S	Last night of Mrs. Rousby's season at the Queen's Theatre, 1878.	7 47S
19	✠	4TH AFTER EASTER.	4 5R
20	M	Leotard's first appearance in England, at the Alhambra, 1861.	7 49S
21	TU	Alexandra Theatre, Highbury Barn, first opened, 1865.	4 3R
22	W	Floral Hall, Covent Garden, first opened to the public, 1861.	7 52S
23	TH	Adelphi Theatre, Edinburgh, burned down, 1853.	3 59R
24	F	Opening of the Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, 1873.	7 55S
25	S	Escape of the Captive Balloon from Cremorne Gardens, 1859.	3 58R
26	✠	ROGATION SUNDAY.	7 58S
27	M	Opéra Comique, Paris, burned down, cost nearly 400 lives, 1887.	3 56R
28	TU	The Soho Theatre, now "Royalty," opened by Miss Fanny Kelly, 1840.	8 0S
29	W	"The Midgets" married at Manchester, 1884.	3 54R
30	TH	Liston's last appearance on the stage, at Olympic, 1838.	8 2S
31	F	The Park Theatre, Camden Town, opened as the Alexandra Theatre, 1873.	3 52R

THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY—CONTINUED.

Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna of Russia. Their children:—Alfred, Earl of Ulster, born October 15, 1874; Marie, born October 29, 1875; Victoria Melita, born November 25, 1876; Alexandra, born September 1, 1878; Beatrice, born April 20, 1884.

The Duke of Connaught and Strathearne (Arthur William Patrick Albert), born May 1, 1850; married March 13, 1879, Princess Louise Margaret, third daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. Their children:—Margaret Victoria, born January 15, 1882; Arthur, Earl of Sussex, born January 13, 1883; Victoria, born March 17, 1886.

Duke of Albany (Leopold), born April 7, 1853; married April 27, 1882, the Princess Hélène of Waldeck-Pyrmont. The Prince died March 28, 1884. Their children:—Alice Mary, born February 25, 1883; Leopold, born July 19, 1884.

JUNE.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

June 6. First Quarter, 8h. 2m. p.m.
13. Full Moon, 1h. 58m. p.m.
20. Last Quarter, 7h. 35m. a.m.
28. New Moon, 8h. 54m. a.m.

"Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast."
RICHARD II.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	S	Blondin first appeared in England, at Crystal Palace, 1861.	3 51R
2	S	SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.	8 5S
3	M	Sadler's Wells opened as Sadler's Music House, 1683.	3 50R
4	Tu	East London Aquarium burned, 1884.	8 7S
5	W	Opening of the Albert Palace, Battersea, 1885.	3 49R
6	Th	*Black-eyed Susan* produced at Surrey Theatre, 1829.	8 9S
7	F	Vauxhall Gardens first opened, 1732.	3 47R
8	S	The "Buckstone Benefit" at Drury Lane, 1876. Receipts nearly £1,200.	8 11S
9	S	WHITSUN DAY.	3 46R
10	M	WHIT MONDAY. Crystal Palace, Sydenham, first opened, 1854.	8 12S
11	Tu	The Surrey Music Hall burned down, 1861.	3 45R
12	W	*Jonathan Bradford* produced at Surrey Theatre, 1833.	8 14S
13	Th	Opening of the new Eden Theatre, Brussels, 1880.	3 45R
14	F	Movable scenes introduced into England, 1605.	8 16S
15	S	Royal Assent given to the Dramatic Authors Bill, 1833.	3 44R
16	S	TRINITY SUNDAY.	8 16S
17	M	Paganini gave his Farewell Concert at the Victoria Theatre, 1834.	3 44R
18	Tu	The entire series of Crystal Palace Fountains first played, 1856.	8 17S
19	W	Charing Cross Theatre (now Toole's) first opened, 1869.	3 44R
20	Th	Farewell Concert of Madame Christine Nilsson, at Albert Hall, 1888.	8 17S
21	F	The Fortune Theatre, Golden Lane, first opened, 1599.	3 44R
22	S	Mdlle. Schneider first appeared in England, at St. James's Theatre, 1868.	8 18S
23	S	1ST AFTER TRINITY.	3 45R
24	M	First Performance of Myers's Hippodrome at Crystal Palace, 1876.	8 19S
25	Tu	"Half-price at nine o'clock" sanctioned by David Garrick, 1763.	3 46R
26	W	Sarah Bernhardt fined £6,000 in French Law Courts, 1880.	8 18S
27	Th	Joe Grimaldi's Farewell Benefit, and last appearance at Drury Lane, 1828.	3 46R
28	F	M. Latour killed at Tottenham by descent with parachute, 1854.	8 18S
29	S	*Hamlet* reached the 200th consecutive night at the Lyceum, 1875.	3 47R
30	S	2ND AFTER TRINITY.	8 17S

THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY—CONTINUED.

THE QUEEN'S DAUGHTERS—Her Royal Highness Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal of England and Prussia, born November 21, 1840, and married to his Royal Highness William of Prussia, January 25, 1858, who died June 15, 1888. Their children:—Frederick William Victor Albert, born January 27, 1859 (now Emperor of Germany, and has issue); Victoria Elizabeth Augusta Charlotte, born July 24, 1860, married February 11, 1878, to Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen; Albert William Henry, born August 14, 1862, married his cousin Irene, May 24, 1888; Francis Frederick Sigismund, born September 15, 1864, died June 18, 1866; Frederica Wilhelmina Victoria, born April 12, 1866; Joachim Frederick Ernest Waldemar, born February 10, 1868, died March 27, 1879; Sophia Dorothea Ulrike Alice, born June 4, 1870; Margaret Beatrice Feodora, born April 22, 1872.

Princess Alice, born April 25, 1843, married July 1, 1862, Louis, Grand Duke of Hesse; died December 14, 1878. Their children:—Victoria, born April 5, 1863, married April 30, 1884, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and has issue; Elizabeth, born November 1, 1864, married June 15, 1884, Grand Duke Sergius of Russia; Irene, born July 11, 1866, married May 24, 1888, Prince Henry of Prussia; Ernest,

JULY.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

July 6. First Quarter, 5h. 59m. a.m.
12. Full Moon, 9h. 2m. p.m.
July 19. Last Quarter, 7h. 45m. p.m.
28. New Moon, 0h. 1m. a.m.

"Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?"
HENRY VI., Part 3.

D. M	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets
1	M	The Coburg opened as the Victoria by Abbot and Egerton, 1833.	3 48R
2	Tu	"Set scenes," invented by De Loutherburgh, first used, 1777.	8 17S
3	W	Foundation Stone laid of New Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, 1867.	3 50R
4	Th	The Irving "Banquet" at St. James's Hall, 1883.	8 16S
5	F	Duke's Theatre, Holborn, burned down, 1880.	3 52R
6	S	James Crockett, "the Lion Tamer," died at Cincinnati, 1865, aged 45.	8 15S
7	S	3RD AFTER TRINITY.	3 54R
8	M	Sale of W. C. Macready's library, 1873; realised £1,392.	8 14S
9	Tu	Rotunda Theatre, Liverpool, burned down, 1877.	3 56R
10	W	Fatal Accident to M. de Groof, the "Flying Man," 1874.	8 13S
11	Th	Last appearance of Madame Pasta, at Her Majesty's, as Anna Bolena, 1850.	3 58R
12	F	Amateur performance of *William Tell* Pantomime at Drury Lane, 1856.	8 12S
13	S	First opening of the "Hall by the Sea," Margate, 1866.	4 0R
14	S	4TH AFTER TRINITY.	8 10S
15	M	The present Haymarket Theatre first opened, 1821.	4 2R
16	Tu	William Farren's Farewell Benefit at Haymarket Theatre, 1855.	8 8S
17	W	The Bradford Theatre burned down, 1878.	4 4R
18	Th	Elton lost in "The Pegasus," bound from Leith to Hull, 1843.	8 6S
19	F	Thousand Guinea Testimonial to George Grove, Crystal Palace, 1880.	4 6R
20	S	Last night of the Bancroft management of the Haymarket, 1885.	8 4S
21	S	5TH AFTER TRINITY.	4 9R
22	M	The Marylebone Gardens first opened with amusements, 1753.	8 2S
23	Tu	First Court Theatre, Sloane Square, finally closed, 1877.	4 11R
24	W	Madame Grisi's Farewell Benefit at Covent Garden, Italian Opera, 1861.	7 58S
25	Th	Vauxhall Gardens opened on "the last night for ever," 1859.	4 14R
26	F	Arrival of Mr. J. L. Toole in New York, 1874.	7 54S
27	S	Mdlle. Christine Nilsson married to M. Rouzeaud, 1872.	4 17R
28	S	6TH AFTER TRINITY.	7 51S
29	M	Marriage of Adelina Patti to Marquis de Caux, 1868.	4 21R
30	Tu	Accident at Victoria Hall, Manchester, 23 killed, 1868.	7 49S
31	W	Theatre Royal, Jersey, burned down, 1863.	4 24R

THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY.—(CONTINUED).

born November 25, 1868; Frederick William, born October 7, 1870, died June 29, 1873; Alice, born July 1, 1872; Mary Victoria, born May 24, 1874, died November 15, 1878.

Princess Helena, born May 25, 1846; married July, 5, 1866, Prince Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Their Children—Christian, born April 14, 1867; Albert, born February 26, 1869; Victoria, born May 3, 1870; Franciska J. Louise, born August 12, 1872; Harold, born May 12, died May 20, 1876.

Princess Louise, born March 18, 1848; married March 22, 1871, the Marquis of Lorne.

Princess Beatrice, born April 14, 1857; married July 23, 1885, Prince Henry of Battenberg. Their children:—Alexander Albert, born November 23, 1886, and a princess, born October 24, 1887.

AUGUST.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

August 4. First Quarter, 1h. 27m. p.m.
11. Full Moon, 4h. 43m. a.m.
18. Last Quarter, 10h. 52m. a.m.
26. New Moon, 2h. 0m. p.m.

"Oh absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
Were it not thy holiday leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love!"
SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	TH	Opening of New Spa Buildings, Scarborough, by the Lord Mayor, 1880.	4 25R
2	F	107,852 persons at the Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, 1880.	7 44S
3	S	Goodman's Fields Theatre first opened, 1732.	4 28R
4	☉	7TH AFTER TRINITY.	7 41S
5	M	BANK HOLIDAY. The Grand Theatre, Islington, opened, 1883.	4 31R
6	TU	Alexandra Theatre, Camden Town, sold for £11,900, 1874.	7 38S
7	W	*Gammer Gurton's Needle*, by Bishop Still, produced 1566.	4 35R
8	TH	Julia Pastrana, "The Nondescript," exhibited at Regent Gallery, 1857.	7 34S
9	F	The Oxford Music Hall reopened, 1869.	4 38R
10	S	Blackfriars Theatre pulled down and houses built on the site, 1655.	7 31S
11	☉	8TH AFTER TRINITY.	4 41R
12	M	Sale of the Alhambra Music Hall, Portsmouth, for £8,000, 1874.	7 27S
13	TU	Funeral of Ada Isaacs Menken at Paris, 1868.	4 44R
14	W	The *Black Crook* played at Alhambra for 204th and last time, 1873.	7 23S
15	TH	M. Jullien leads band at the Surrey Gardens for the first time, 1850.	4 46R
16	F	Drury Lane Theatrical Fund established, 1766.	7 19S
17	S	Arrival in England of "Chang," the Fychow Giant, 1865.	4 49R
18	☉	9TH AFTER TRINITY.	7 15S
19	M	Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, burned down, 1880.	4 52R
20	TU	Foresters' Day at Crystal Palace, 1872; number present, 84,955.	7 11S
21	W	Covent Garden Theatre announced for sale by public auction, 1829.	4 55R
22	TH	The "Theatres Registry Act" passed, 1843.	7 7S
23	F	Riot at the Holborn Theatre, 1884.	4 59R
24	S	Mr. J. L. Toole returned to England from America, 1875.	7 3S
25	☉	10TH AFTER TRINITY.	5 2R
26	M	St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, partially destroyed by fire, 1860.	6 59S
27	TU	Fatal Balloon Accident to Mr. Simmonds, the Aeronaut, 1888.	5 5R
28	W	Tournament at Eglinton Castle, continued one week, 1839.	6 55S
29	TH	Wilton's Music Hall, East Smithfield, burned down, 1877.	5 8R
30	F	"Working Men's Exhibition," at Agricultural Hall, Islington, 1866.	6 51S
31	S	Miss Kate Terry's Farewell Benefit at Adelphi, 1867; plays Juliet.	5 12R

HER MAJESTY'S CHIEF OFFICERS OF STATE.

THE CABINET.

Prime Minister and Sec. for Foreign Affairs....Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.
First Lord of Treasury..W. H. Smith.
Lord High Chancellor..Lord Halsbury.
Lord Pres. of Council..Visct. Cranbrook, G.C.S.I.
Lord Privy Seal.....Earl Cadogan.
Chan. of the Exchequer..G. J. Goschen.
Home Secretary.....H. Matthews, Q.C.
Colonial Secretary.....Lord Knutsford.
Secretary for War.....E. Stanhope.
Secretary for India.....Viscount Cross, G.C.B.
Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster.....Duke of Rutland.
First Lord of Admiralty..Lord Geo. Hamilton.
Pres. of Board of Trade..Sir M. E. Hicks-Beach.
Lord Chan. of Ireland..Lord Ashbourne.
Chief Sec. for Ireland....A. J. Balfour.

SEPTEMBER.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Sept. 2. First Quarter, 7h. 35m. p.m.
9. Full Moon, 1h. 53m. p.m.
17. Last Quarter, 4h. 49m. a.m.
25. New Moon, 3h. 42m. a.m.

"Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide
Thy friend."—HENRY VI., Part 3.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	S	11TH AFTER TRINITY.	5 13R
2	M	Bartholomew Fair abolished, 1855.	6 44s
3	Tu	The Curtain Theatre in Shoreditch opened, 1571.	5 16R
4	W	The Blackfriars and the Whitefriars Theatres opened, 1576.	6 40s
5	Th	New Theatre Royal, Exeter, burned down, 1887; nearly 200 lives lost.	5 20R
6	F	Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, burned down, 1882.	6 35s
7	S	Charles Mathews first appeared on the French stage at Paris, 1863.	5 23R
8	S	12TH AFTER TRINITY.	6 29s
9	M	The Spa Saloon, Scarborough, completely destroyed by fire, 1876.	5 26R
10	Tu	Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, opened, 1883.	6 25s
11	W	Park Theatre, Camden Town, burned down, 1881.	5 29R
12	Th	New Royal Music Hall, Holborn, opened, 1887.	6 20s
13	F	The Newington Butts Theatre opened, 1580.	5 32R
14	S	Covent Garden Theatrical Fund instituted, 1769.	6 16s
15	S	13TH AFTER TRINITY.	5 35R
16	M	Shakespeare's House at Stratford-upon-Avon bought for £3,000, 1847.	6 12s
17	Tu	Wilton's New Palace of Varieties, Wellclose Square, opened, 1878.	5 38R
18	W	Mdlle. Nilsson's first appearance in New York, 1870.	6 7s
19	Th	*The Japs* brought out at the Novelty Theatre, 1885.	5 42R
20	F	Old Covent Garden Theatre burned down, 1808.	6 2s
21	S	Court Theatre at Dresden destroyed by fire, 1869.	5 45R
22	S	14TH AFTER TRINITY.	5 58s
23	M	Opening of the new Canterbury, Westminster Road, 1876.	5 48R
24	Tu	Opening of the new Court Theatre, 1888.	5 54s
25	W	The Rose and the Hope Theatres erected, 1585.	5 51R
26	Th	Haymarket opened under management of Messrs. Bashford & Russell, 1885.	5 50s
27	F	Arrival of Mr. Henry Irving and Lyceum company at Quebec, 1884.	5 55R
28	S	The Paris Hippodrome destroyed by fire, 1869.	5 45s
29	S	15TH AFTER TRINITY.	5 58R
30	M	Bursting of Great Tank at the Crystal Palace, 1880.	5 41s

HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

Keeper of the Privy Purse and Private Secretary	Right Hon. General Sir H. Ponsonby, K.C.B.
Assistant Keepers of Privy Purse	Capts. F. J. Edwards, C.B.; Major A. J. Bigge.

LORD STEWARD'S DEPARTMENT.

Lord Steward	Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe.
Treasurer	Right Hon. Viscount Folkestone.
Comptroller	Right Hon. Lord Arthur Hill.
Master of the Household	Sir John C. Cowell, K.C.B.
Secretary Board of Green Cloth	T. C. March.
Paymaster of Household	G. Marrable.
Hereditary Grand Almoner	Marquis of Exeter.
High Almoner	Bishop of Ely.

OCTOBER.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Oct. 2. First Quarter, 1h. 33m. a.m.
9. Full Moon, 1h. 26m. a.m.
Oct. 17. Last Quarter, 0h. 28m. a.m.
24. New Moon, 2h. 26m. p.m.
Oct. 31. First Quarter, 8h. 31m. a.m.

"How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection."
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises. and sets.
1	Tu	Sixpenny Telegrams introduced, 1885.	6 1R
2	W	Panorama burned, Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, 1883.	5 38S
3	Th	Pantheon Theatre, Oxford Street, burned down, 1792.	6 5R
4	F	The Licence of Cremorne lapsed for ever, 1877.	5 32S
5	S	Opening of "The School of Dramatic Art," 1882.	6 9R
6	S	16TH AFTER TRINITY.	5 27S
7	M	Queen's Theatre, Dublin, opened, 1844.	6 12R
8	Tu	Eight Theatres burned down in the disastrous fire at Chicago, 1871.	5 22S
9	W	New Sadler's Wells opened by Mrs. Bateman with *Rob Roy*, 1879.	6 16R
10	Th	The New Savoy Theatre opened with *Patience*, 1881.	5 18S
11	F	Panic at Colosseum Theatre, Liverpool, 37 lives lost, 1878.	6 19R
12	S	Opening of New East London Theatre, late the Effingham Saloon, 1867.	5 13S
13	S	17TH AFTER TRINITY.	6 22R
14	M	Opening of the New Burg Theatre, Vienna, 1888.	5 8S
15	Tu	New Comedy Theatre, Panton Street, opened with *La Mascotte*, 1881.	6 25R
16	W	Charing Cross Theatre reopened as "The Folly," 1876.	5 4S
17	Th	Terry's Theatre, Strand, opened, 1887.	6 28R
18	F	The Alhambra again opened as a Music Hall, 1884.	5 0S
19	S	Opening of the Shaftesbury Theatre, 1888.	6 31R
20	S	18TH AFTER TRINITY.	4 56S
21	M	Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, burned down, 1866.	6 34R
22	Tu	"Novelty" opened as "The Jodrell Theatre," 1888.	4 52S
23	W	Oriental Music Hall, Poplar, opened as a theatre, 1867.	6 38R
24	Th	Exhibition of Armada Relics at Drury Lane Theatre, 1888.	4 47S
25	F	Afterpieces first added to playbills, 1688.	6 42R
26	S	Opening of New Theatre Royal, Glasgow, by Miss Marie Litton, 1880.	4 43S
27	S	19TH AFTER TRINITY.	6 46R
28	M	Assembly Rooms, Margate, burned down, 1882.	4 39S
29	Tu	Opera Comique, Strand, first opened, 1870.	6 50R
30	W	Abbey's Park Theatre, New York, burned down, 1882.	4 36S
31	Th	Liverpool Theatre Royal first opened, 1772.	6 53R

HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

(CONTINUED.)

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S DEPARTMENT.

Lord Chamberlain	Right Hon. Earl of Lathom.
Vice-Chamberlain	Right Hon. Viscount Lewisham.
Comptroller	Sir S. C. B. Ponsonby Fane.
Chief Clerk	G. T. Hertslet.
Mistress of the Robes	Duchess of Buccleuch.
Groom of the Stole	H. D. Erskine.
Clerk	Arnold Royle.
Captain of Yeomen of the Guard	Earl of Kintore.

NOVEMBER.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Nov. 7. Full Moon, 4h. 5m. p.m.
15. Last Quarter, 8h. 36m. p.m.
Nov. 23. New Moon, 1h. 44m. a.m.
29. First Quarter, 5h. 29m. p.m.

"When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

SHAKESPEARE.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	F	Fatal Panic at Star Theatre, Glasgow, 1884.	6 56R
2	S	The Oxford Music Hall, Oxford Street, burned down, 1872.	4 31s
3	S	20TH AFTER TRINITY.	6 59R
4	M	Garrick Theatre burned down after playing *The Battle of Waterloo*, 1846.	4 27s
5	Tu	Mr. William Harrison opened Her Majesty's Theatre, 1864.	7 2R
6	W	Opening of New Princess's Theatre, with Mr. Edwin Booth as Hamlet, 1880.	4 24s
7	Th	Miss Cushman's Farewell Benefit at New York, 1874.	7 5R
8	F	The Great Vauxhall Balloon descended at Weilburg, Nassau, 1836.	4 22s
9	S	A Female Character first acted by a Woman on the English stage, 1656.	7 9R
10	S	21ST AFTER TRINITY.	4 19s
11	M	Mark Lemon fined for reading in costume, at Plymouth, 1869.	7 12R
12	Tu	Mr. T. D. Rice first appeared at Adelphi as "Jim Crow," 1836.	4 13s
13	W	The Raglan Music Hall, Borough, burned, 1883.	7 16R
14	Th	The new Grand Theatre, Birmingham, opened, 1883.	4 12s
15	F	Circus Theatre, Madrid, destroyed by fire, 1876.	7 19R
16	S	Inaugural Soirée of the New Lyric Club, 1888.	4 10s
17	S	22ND AFTER TRINITY.	7 23R
18	M	The great gas explosion at Covent Garden Theatre, 1828.	4 8s
19	Tu	Gaiety Theatre of Varieties, Southampton, burned, 1884.	7 27R
20	W	The Garmoyle Breach of Promise Case settled, 1884; damages £10,000.	4 6s
21	Th	Two remarkable dwarfs, "The Midgets," first exhibited in London, 1880.	7 30R
22	F	Mr. Creswick's Jubilee Benefit at Lyceum, 1882; realised £550.	4 3s
23	S	Cuper's Gardens, Lambeth, suppressed as a place of public amusement, 1753.	7 33R
24	S	LAST AFTER TRINITY.	4 0s
25	M	Farewell Benefit of Harry Boleno, clown, at Drury Lane Theatre, 1871.	7 36R
26	Tu	W. S. Gilbert's action against *Pall Mall Gazette*, 1873; verdict for deft.	3 57s
27	W	New Globe Theatre, Strand, opened, 1868.	7 39R
28	Th	W. H. Ireland confesses his Shakespearian Forgeries, 1805.	3 55s
29	F	The Windsor Theatre, New York, burned, 1883.	7 42R
30	S	The new Grand Theatre, Islington, ready for opening, 1888.	3 54s

HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

(CONTINUED.)

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S DEPARTMENT.

Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms	Earl of Rosslyn.
Master of the Ceremonies	General Sir F. Seymour, Bt., K.C.B.
Dean of Chapels Royal	Bishop of London.
Sub-Dean	Rev. Edgar Sheppard.
Clerk of the Closet	Bishop of Worcester.
Resident Chaplain	Dean of Windsor.

MASTER OF THE HORSE'S DEPARTMENT.

Master of the Horse.....Duke of Portland. | Crown Equerry and Secretary..Col. Sir G. A. Maude, C.B.
Master of the Buckhounds.....Earl of Coventry.

DECEMBER.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Dec. 7. Full Moon, 9h. 52m. a.m.
15. Last Quarter, 2h. 58m. p.m.
Dec. 22. New Moon, 0h. 52m. p.m.
29. First Quarter, 5h. 17m. a.m.

"Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear."
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	S	1ST IN ADVENT.	7 46R
2	M	North Shields Theatre burned down, 1851.	3 52S
3	Tu	The new Alhambra, Leicester Square, opened, 1883.	7 48R
4	W	Funeral of Madame Grisi at Père-la-Chaise, Paris, 1869.	3 51S
5	Th	Sale of Lacy's Theatrical Portrait Gallery, 1873.	7 51R
6	F	Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, burned down, 1867.	3 51S
7	S	Brooklyn Theatre, New York, burned down, loss of 300 lives, 1876.	7 53R
8	S	2ND IN ADVENT.	3 50S
9	M	The Ring Theatre, Vienna, burned down, loss of 1,000 lives, 1881.	7 56R
10	Tu	Agricultural Hall, Islington, first opened, 1862.	3 49S
11	W	The Swan Theatre erected, 1595.	7 58R
12	Th	The new Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh, opened, 1875.	3 49S
13	F	The Alhambra Palace opened by E. T. Smith, with grand concert, 1860.	8 0R
14	S	Standard Theatre, New York, burned down, 1883.	3 49S
15	S	3RD IN ADVENT.	8 1R
16	M	Foundation stone laid of Opera House on Thames Embankment, 1875.	3 49S
17	Tu	The circular lights removed from over the stage by David Garrick, 1765.	8 3R
18	W	New Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, opened, 1867.	3 50S
19	Th	South London Palace opened, 1869.	8 5R
20	F	Opening of the New Rotunda Theatre, Liverpool, 1878.	3 50S
21	S	Opening of the Empire "Theatre of Varieties," 1887.	8 6R
22	S	4TH IN ADVENT.	3 51S
23	M	Pantomimes first played in England at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, 1716.	8 6R
24	Tu	The new Theatre Royal, Plymouth, opened, 1878.	3 52S
25	W	CHRISTMAS DAY. A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.	8 7R
26	Th	BANK HOLIDAY. "Boxing Night."	3 53S
27	F	Doncaster Theatre injured by fire, 1876.	8 8R
28	S	Grand Theatre, Islington, destroyed by fire, 1887.	3 55S
29	S	1ST AFTER CHRISTMAS.	8 8R
30	M	Opening of Wilton's Music Hall, Whitechapel Road, 1871.	3 57S
31	Tu	Old Cockpit Theatre, in Drury Lane, converted into a schoolroom, 1647.	8 9R

CITY OFFICERS.

LORD MAYOR—Right Hon. James Whitehead, Cheap, 1882.
SHERIFFS—Aldermen Edward J. Gray and A. J. Newton.
RECORDER—Sir T. Chambers, Q.C., M.P.
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THE BOOK OF NUMBERS.—Mr. Baynham relates how, on one occasion, Macready was victimised in *Virginius*. The "Numitorius" couldn't remember his own name. "You will remember it, sir," said the tragedian, carefully pronouncing it for him, "by the association of ideas. Think of Numbers, the Book of Numbers." The "Numitorius" did think of it all day, and at night produced, through the "association of ideas," the following effect:—"Numitorius: Where is Virginia? Wherefore do you hold that maiden's hand? Cladius: Who asks the question? Numitorius: I, her uncle Deuteronomy!"

MUCH TOO POLITE.—On one occasion when Macready played "Virginius," the actors at rehearsal were greatly amused when Mr. Bass, as "Icilius," replied to the playful question of the hero, "Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in, or will you do it?" "Whichever you please, sir."

UP TO SNUFF.—Barham tells the following anecdote of Phil Stone, the property-man of Drury Lane. "Will you be so good, sir, as to stand a little backer?" said Phil to a gentleman behind the scenes, who had placed himself so forward as to be seen by the audience. "No, my fine fellow," returned the exquisite, who quite mistook his meaning; "but here is a pinch of snuff at your service."

A WORD FOR THE PROMPTER.—At Lunéville, when *La Melanide* was performed, the actor who represented "Darviam" quite forgot the words at an important crisis, namely, when declaring his love, but the prompter came to his assistance, and in a loud tone repeated them. With the utmost coolness, the actor turned to the actress to whom he was paying addresses, and said, "Yes, as that gentleman has told you," &c.

THE LATE LADY MACBETH.—Here (says Dutton Cook) is a story of a *sotto-voce* communication which must have gravely troubled its recipient. A famous "Lady Macbeth" "starring" in America had been accidentally detained on her journey to a remote theatre. She arrived in time only to change her dress rapidly and hurry on the scene. The performers were all strangers to her. At the conclusion of her first soliloquy, a messenger should enter to announce the coming of "King Duncan." But what was her amazement to hear, in answer to her demand, "What is your tidings?" not the usual reply, "The King comes here to-night," but the whisper, spoken from behind a Scotch bonnet, upheld to prevent the words reaching the ears of the audience, "Hush! I'm 'Macbeth.' We've cut the messenger out; go on, please."

SHAKING HIS HEAD.—The late Mr. Charles Matthews used to relate that on one occasion, in "The Critic," the gentleman who had rehearsed Lord Burleigh's part in the morning was at night missing. "Send in anybody," said the stage manager. The "anybody" was found, dressed, and the book put into his hands. He read the stage directions: "Enter Lord Burleigh, bows to Dangle, shakes his head, and exits." "Anybody" did enter, bowed to Dangle, shook his (Dangle's) head, and made his exit.

Which is your favorite play?

Forgetmenot.

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Stephanie - Marquise de Mohrivart
Forgetmenot -

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

Lyceum -
where I first played Forgetmenot

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

according to temperament - for myself
a simple diet of fish meat - vegetables and
fruits - and when I drink anything
milk -

How would you prefer to pass old age?

Forgetting it.

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

In Forgetmenot -
Instead of - "The Corsican lies
in his jail, & will, till he dies there"
"The Corsican lies in his grave,
and will, till he dies there."

Genevieve Ward

Which is your favorite play?

The School for Scandal

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Mr. J. W. Wells. (The Sorcerer)

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

The Savoy — at present.

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

A chop & pint of light claret.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

In trying to feel still young.

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

One which is scarcely fit for publication.

Geo. Grossmith

Which is your favorite play?

Hamlet

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Hamlet

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

I do not know

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

That which is most wholesome & most easily digested

How would you prefer to pass old age? "With honor, love, obedience, troops of friends"

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

One of the drollest, was made by an inexperienced Portia who saluted Antonio as follows

Joy, joy Antonio! Your ships are all sunk.

Wilson Barrett

Which is your favorite play?

'As you Like It'

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

"You must call me Rosalind"

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

"I do perceive here a divided duty"

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Beef Tea

How would you prefer to pass old age? "To argue not
"Against Heavens hand or will, nor bate
Of heart or hope; but still bear up & steer
Right onward." Milton

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

When playing 'Lydia' "Jove Chase
the Maiden Waller instead
of saying to me "Oh speak not
out" observed 'pray don't
mention it'.

Blanche Macklein

Which is your favorite play?

The one I am acting in at the moment.

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

"Pauline" in "Lady Flyppe"

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

How can I tell.

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Little of the former. None of the latter.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

Correcting the faults of my youth.

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

I've heard so many - impossible to say.

Mary Meredal

Which is your favorite play?

Box & Cox

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

"Dick Talbot"

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

"Criterion" of course.

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

New buns & ginger beer

How would you prefer to pass old age?

In the Workhouse

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

Now I see the 'Era"
of my ways"

Geo. Gibbons

Which is your favorite play?

"The School for Scandal"

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Davy Garrick.

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

A Medium-sized house, such as the Strand in London, or the Princes, Manchester, in the Provinces.

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Beef-tea, when I take anything at all which is very seldom

How would you prefer to pass old age?

In harness

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

When a character had to say, "Look over the File, and see that none of the old Bills are unpaid" and rendered the line thus, "Look over the Bill, and see that none of the Old Files are unpaid!"

Edward Compton

Which is your favorite play?

"The Merchant of Venice"

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

up to the present time — Pompey in "Brinkoff" is the "Great" Pink Pearl

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

One of Medium Size.

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Oysters & Stout.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

"Far from the Madding Crowd"

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

I was a member of a provincial Stock Co. some years ago — I heard the following Hamlet: "I have four have all a length?"
Osric: Ay, my good Lord. (the Ghost)
Osric: Ay! Ay! Sir. (the slip)
— Osric was played by a Lady —
Nellie Comptom —

Which is your favorite play?

Romeo and Juliet

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

The Part I liked most was Babette

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

Strand Theatre or Avenue

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Oysters and Claret

How would you prefer to pass old age?

With Plenty of money and in Comfort

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

Never heard one quaint enough to Publish

Camille Darville

Which is your favorite play?

'Niter Final'

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Fred Fizzleton

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

I have no choice

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

I think food and liquid better dispensed with

How would you prefer to pass old age?

In a cottage by the sea, or up the river

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

In the 'Rough Diamond,' Lord Plat was manfully struggling with the Latin, & astonished us all with the following peculiar quotation: "Punica dysleum et fatle magumie"

J. G. Warren.

Which is your favorite play?

Romeo & Juliet

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Mercutio

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

Adelphi Theatre

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Toast & Kisses

How would you prefer to pass old age?

In the arms of a pretty girl

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

In The Harbor Lights, where the lag was. "and straight before us like bright stars of hope we see the Harbor Lights." I said - like two bars of soap - we see the Harbor Lights"

William Terriss

Which is your favorite play?

The one in which I get the best part

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

The one that goes best with the audience

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

The one where I meet the nicest people & least draughts

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

That which is easily digested Barley water.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

Crowned with laurels & every comfort.

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

Touchstone in

He's dead My Lord

he says he cannot

speak

Clarence Dade

Which is your favorite play?

Ingomar.

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Partheina.

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

adelphi -

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Beef - tea.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

Dreaming of the days that are no more.

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

In Richard III. The officer in command of the Guard of Honor placed over the coffin of the deceased king, on being intercepted by the Duke of Gloster, should say, = Stand back my lord + let the coffin pass. = instead of which he said = Stand back my lord. & let the parson cough = Jessie Millward

Which is your favorite play?

"Sweet Lavender"

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Dick Phenyl

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

"Terry's

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Oysters and Stout

How would you prefer to pass old age?

In the midst of my Family and the Companionship of old Friends

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

The Late G. V. Brooke said the last time he played Othello.
"I'd let her down the wind"
---"for Daws to peck at"

Edward Terry

Which is your favorite play?

I have so many.

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

That which I have played all my life - a modest retiring one

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

Impossible for me to say.

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

all depends upon digestion

How would you prefer to pass old age?

I haven't thought about it - "sufficient for the day &c"

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

Can't remember - heard so many

William Kendal

Which is your favorite play?

The one that draws the the most.

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

The most powerful one I can get.

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

The best filled one

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

None at the time of acting anything beforehand or after.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

As quickly as possible but Sufficient for the days to

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

Unfortunately I have never thought one "droll" at the time.

Laura Villiers

Which is your favorite play?

At Present. "Sweet Lavender"

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Lydia Languish "Rivals"

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

For Hist. Drama Drury Lane
Coliseum for Comedy. & Strand
for Burlesque

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Fish Game & Light Wine

How would you prefer to pass old age?

In Company with those
I love

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

Scripts for publication

Edith Bruce

Which is your favorite play?

Hamlet

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

'Claudius'

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

Haymarket or Vaudeville

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Beef tea, barley water.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

In calm & peaceful Country retirement with my dogs & horses & surrounded by true friends, & with sufficient means to alleviate the sufferings of others

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

I said rapidly once in Richard III. "Stand back my lord & let the Parson Corpse instead of "Coffin pass"

Edward Royal

Which is your favorite play?

"As you like it"

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Peg Woffington

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

Comedy Theatre.

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

The best one can get.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

Comfortably thanks.

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

Can't remember!

Minnie Bell

Which is your favorite play?

That which brings me the most money

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

That which I find gets most appreciation

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

A question I will leave for the decision of those who manage

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Fish & Soup & little of that

How would you prefer to pass old age?

With a comfortable income & a little work

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

Wild horses shall not drag it from me

W. Terriss

Which is your favorite play?

"Our Boys"

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

"Tom Bassett" ("Hands across the Sea")

Which theatre suite your method of acting the best?

Have no choice. I should say, that my method of acting would vary according to the theatre I played in.

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Cannot give any opinion, as I have never tried experiments in this direction.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

In rural retirement

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

"Hands across the Sea" In the first act old Stillwood, in describing his son's accomplishment says, "I sent him abroad to learn the foreign languages" To which I remark aside, with a sly dig in the rib to his son Bob, "Yes from "sharps & flats" eh Bob? instead of which I said "Yes, from "shorts & tarts", eh Bob"?

E. W. Gardner

Which is your favorite play?

That which brings me the most money

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

That which I find gets most appreciation

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

A question I will leave for the decision of those who manage

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Fish & Soup & little of that

How would you prefer to pass old age?

With a comfortable income & a little work

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

Wild horses shall not drag it from me

W. Headley

Which is your favorite play?

"Our Boys"

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

"Tom Bassett" ("Hands across the Sea")

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

Have no choice. I should say, that my method of acting would vary according to the theatre I played in.

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Cannot give any opinion, as I have never tried experiments in this direction.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

In rural retirement

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

"Hands across the Sea" In the first act old Stillwood, in describing his son's accomplishment says, "I sent him abroad to learn the foreign languages" To which I remark aside, with a sly dig in the rib to his son Bob, "Yes from "Sharps & Flats" eh Bob? instead of which I said "Yes, from "shouts and farts", eh Bob?

E. W. Gardner

Which is your favorite play?

As you like it

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Tony Lumpkin

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

The Globe (or same size)

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Light food - Claret

How would you prefer to pass old age?

Still acting

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

In the wants at the Queens Theatre I used to play cribbage with the late John Clayton - I rushed up from my dressing room one night and instead of speaking my line (as Tilly Sowbey in Dot) I said "Fifteen two"!!

Lionel Brough

Which is your favorite play?

"Caste"

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Sam Gerridge

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

I can hardly venture to say - but a small one for preference

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

This question is a poser.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

"Far from the madding crowd"

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

When the juvenile man playing Lord Beaufoy in "School" at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin in 1879, introduced Bella his newly made wife in the play as the "Honorable Mrs Beaufoy D'Alroy.

Tom Thorne

Which is your favorite play?

"As you Like it"

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Mercutio

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

That which pays me the biggest salary.—The Haymarket for choice

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Mutton and good claret,—but "most dear actors eat no onions nor garlic for we are to utter sweet breath" Shakespeare

How would you prefer to pass old age?

"May I govern my passion with absolute sway
And grow wiser & better as my strength wears away
(Dr Walter Pope—1630)

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

Some years ago, when a member of a stock company at Newcastle, I informed the lady star (whose Pauline I was playing Beauseint) that I would not permit her "base form to be clasped in the arms of a peasant"—a friend of mine playing the same part on his exit in the last act said "I wish you joy and a little gardener's son"

J. H. Macklin

Which is your favorite play?

"Married. Not Mated"

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

John Trelidar in "The Workman"

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

Olympic. London

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

No solids - Claret and soda or Champagne

How would you prefer to pass old age?

Surrounded by my wife and children in peaceful retirement far from the madding crowd & Squire's wife

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

I once heard a nervous cricket fielder gentleman exclaim - "Dare I have one lead of her hair - and the last moment shall be your next"

Frank Harvey

Which is your favorite play?

They are all favourites in which I have been well received by Press & public

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

any of the "Jack Dudley" (Hands across the sea) kind.

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

Drury Lane, Adelphi. Princess:

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Chops. Steaks, Water, Lemon, Barley & Something stronger occasionally

How would you prefer to pass old age?

In a pastoral place, near a Sea City.

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

"Capt. Thornton" in Rob Roy "who should have said in a bold exit speech "I die without disgracing the King I serve, or the Country that gave me birth." said instead "I die without disgracing the Country I serve, or the King that gave me birth,

Henry Neville

Which is your favorite play?

Macbeth

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Mrs Ingles. Married for Money

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

Can suit my style to all

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Earth & Sea

How would you prefer to pass old age?

As I am passing it now

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

"It is the green eyed Jealousy that doth make the meat it feeds on pale." Mr Allen. Unconscious by the actor. Unnoticed by audience

Mrs H Leigh

Which is your favorite play?

"Joseph's Sweetheart"

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

Parson Adams

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

The Vaudeville, or Savoy

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

a Mutton chop and claret

How would you prefer to pass old age?

By the sea - not too far from London so that I might occasionally go to the Theatre -

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

An Actor representing a Clergyman was consoling a dying man with religious sentiments - at the moment when he had pronounced the words "May Heaven" he noticed that the Utility Gentleman impersonating a Doctor was not attending to his business - and forgetful of the situation - roared out upon - d — d fool feel his pulse -

Thomas Thorne

Which is your favorite play?

"The love that kills"!

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

The Fool. For that seems always most welcome to the public

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

The St James'. It was such a very cheerful Theatre.

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Nothing - You are sure of it.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

Like "the wandering Jew." prowling over the earth

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

I know of none worth recording

Caroline Hill

Which is your favorite play?

Caste (T. W. Robertson)

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

The one I am now playing

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

I prefer the Haymarket Theatre to any Theatre I have ever played in

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Can't really say, have never made up my mind on the subject.

How would you prefer to pass old age?

As comfortably as possible

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

"And noble Signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack
Your son-in-law is fair — no white
no black." (The Duke in Othello, council
Chamber Act I)

Carlotta Addison

Which is your favorite play?

That in which I have made the greatest success

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

That in which I give most pleasure to others

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

My own - now I am getting accustomed to it - The Shaftesbury

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Laughter & applause constitute the best food to nourish an artist as Comedy & its Tears of an audience the best life to nature as Tragedy

How would you prefer to pass old age?

In harness - helping young actors & actresses to achieve greatness!

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

When Fathom's ejaculations of "poor Lady" (Humback) were interrupted by the crying of an obstreperous babe. Fathom thinking more of the annoyance than his text finally gave out at the top of his voice "poor baby" instead of "poor Lady".

Ellen Lancaster-Wallis

Which is your favorite play?

Play-acting

Which is the part in which you feel most pleasure in appearing?

First Robber

Which theatre suits your method of acting the best?

The Bullet

What do you think the best food and liquid to "act on?"

Toast and water

How would you prefer to pass old age?

By Taking the first turning to the right

What is the drollest slip with the "text" you have ever heard?

In a Farce a Frenchman had to say "The Father of the Girl" instead of which he exclaimed "Fader of the"

J. L. Toole

A Full House at Last!

SITTING one afternoon in a dusty old ramshackle apartment, called by courtesy the "manager's room," in a small insignificant theatre situated in the coal district, was Montmorency Fitzmountebank, the luckless manager thereof. With his face buried in his hands, leaning on a dilapidated old table not infrequently used in the banqueting scene in *Macbeth*, he was engaged in his usual pastime of bemoaning his fate. In vain he had tried to secure that managerial luxury, a full house, playing by turns every kind of entertainment he thought at all likely to secure that end; always however with the same sad result—a beggarly array of empty benches. Even the "legitimate," played by five persons, including himself, had, contrary to expectation, failed to make any impression, and he was just beginning to wonder how he would be able to meet his small but select dramatic company on the following Saturday, knowing as he did know that his treasury, never remarkably flush, was at that particular moment absolutely empty; indeed he had actually commenced rehearsing to himself those choice little stereotyped phrases, too often to be found in the small provincial manager's vocabulary, such as "Very sorry," "Business is bad," "Will this do for you, old boy?" &c., when he was aroused from his lethargy by the entrance of that useful factotum, generally to be found attached to small theatrical establishments, the scene-painter, stage-carpenter, and property-man all in one, who handed to him a note in an official-looking blue envelope, about nine by four, and vanished. "Notice to cut off the gas, I suppose," muttered the disconsolate Fitz, thinking only of the worst, and tearing open the envelope. "Always the case when I am thinking of taking my benefit." But no! what was this? A letter from a theatrical aspirant!

STRIKEWELL SHAFT, UNDER-OVER-TYME.

"deer zur,—i want to play 'Hamlet'—i have never been hon before. A Hanswer per return of post Offeece will obleedge. "yours Affectionately,

"HYAM A. STUNNER.

"p.s.—i can Fill your theaterer for you."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the astonished manager, as he read the above. "Was there ever such assurance?" What sort of individual could he possibly be who wanted to play *Hamlet* under the recommendation that he had never "been hon" before—and who signed himself "yours affectionately," too! With as much disgust as he could command, Fitzmountebank flung the epistle into the waste-paper basket, or rather to the place where that useful receptacle would have been, had he possessed one; and resolved to think no more about the matter. He was not, however, successful in this, for there was something about the letter that rivetted his attention, and the more he tried to forget it, the more he appeared to think of it—exactly the reverse state of mind to that in which he usually found himself when studying a great part. What could it be that thus entranced him? Certainly not the writing of the letter, which was of the worst, and although amounting to little in all, occupied a whole side of a sheet of foolscap; nor could it be the orthography. Perhaps it was the "P.S." Yes, he was bound to admit it *was* the "P.S." that claimed his attention, and picking up the note again, Fitzmountebank read and re-read that "i can fill your theaterer for you," until his eyes grew dim, and visions of a crowded house seemed to rise everywhere before him. So realistic indeed was the scene that presented itself, that he could hear himself saying "Pass on, please; standing-room only," and could see himself counting up numerous little heaps of money, and turning up at rehearsal next morning in a velvet waistcoat and fur all over him! What luxury! But stay, the writer of the letter had omitted to mention what he could fill the theatre with. Writing from a mine, he might mean coals! or, what was not at all unlikely under the circumstances, bailiffs; and it would be extremely unpleasant to have an audience of bailiffs! Yet why should he doubt? there it was, plain enough, "I can fill your theaterer." Probably the writer was some rich colliery owner's son, whose education had been slightly neglected, but who, nevertheless, possessed a strong dramatic talent, and wished to display the same before his extended circle of acquaintances. At all events, whoever he was, he must be a person of great influence to be able to fill the entire theatre; and as that was all Fitzmountebank required, he wrote at once requesting Mr. Stunner to favour him with a call as soon as

possible, or as much sooner as he could make it convenient; the word *sooner* being twice underlined.

The manager had not long to wait for a reply, for the next day, and at about the same hour, he was in the same apartment, having just got rid of a rather pressing deputation consisting of his landlady, the printer, and a man from the gas company; when a decided bash at the room door informed him that someone was outside, and a second bash, if anything more forcible than the first one, further convinced him that that someone, whoever he might be, wanted to come in. Opening the door, Fitzmountebank was confronted by an individual who, to all appearances, had for some time been engaged in endeavouring to make his face match with the back of a chimney, and had been signally successful in his effort. "Is this the theaterer?" he inquired, leaning against the door-post. Considering they were then within the portals of that most important establishment, the manager was not a little struck with the originality of the question, but making due allowance for the intellectual capacity of his visitor, he replied that it was, and invited him to walk in. "My name's Stunner," exclaimed the grimy one as he plumped himself down unasked on a chair that would not usually be trifled with, "from the mine." "Good gracious!" thought Fitz, "is this to be my El Dorado? is this the individual who is to raise me to a state of comparative affluence?" He certainly was not the kind of person the manager had expected to see, but with that "I can fill your theaterer" still in his mind, he was not inclined to be too sceptical, and so commenced the conversation by informing Mr. Stunner that the apartment they were then in was the *Manager's* room, placing great stress on the word "manager," and watching the effect on Mr. Stunner's countenance, or rather, endeavouring to do so; for the said countenance being completely hidden under a substantial bed of coal-dust, was not to be easily discerned. The ears of the miner were, however, a trifle more susceptible, and he replied, with an air of indifference that would have done credit to a prince, that "that didn't matter." "Hamlet," continued Fitzmountebank, adopting a seriousness of manner with a stroking-of-the-chin accompaniment, "is rather a long part." "Thee'st quite raight, mester, it be rayther a long 'un," replied Stunner. "And wants a deal of study," added the manager. "Study!" exclaimed the aspirant, flinging his cap on to the floor as though he had been struck in a vital part, "I ha' been a larning o' that theer piece for the best paart o' my loife, till it be raight in my noddle loike, and I ha' sayed it afore th' chaps in th' parlor o' th' 'Pig and Whistle' every Saturday naight quite regular loike for th' laast ten year or more!"

With such an assurance as this there could be no reasonable doubt of Mr. Stunner's ability to know the part, and Fitzmountebank, desirous of coming to the part mostly concerning him, at once asked, "How about the—— I think you said something about filling my——" "Bless 'ee!" interrupted the miner, "I can bring the whole o' th' mine here. If the'll on'y let me play the part, I tell 'ee I will fill thy play-house twice over for thee." Fitzmountebank assured his new-found friend that the theatre once full would well satisfy him; and, anxious to count up the aforesaid little heaps, straightway settled the date for Mr. Stunner's performance, which he judiciously made the *last* night of the season.

After the necessary interval, during which the town was adequately "billed," the night came, and so did the miners. True to his word, Stunner did fill the "theaterer," but it was rather like digging for water and getting a rush—there was if anything too much miner. Gentlemen with grimy faces and short clay pipes thronged into all parts of the building, until Fitzmountebank had positively to exhibit, for the first time that he could remember, notices to the effect that there was "no standing room"—indeed he would not have been far out if he had said there was "no breathing room," for those friends of Stunner's unable to gain admission at the ordinary parts of the theatre, and determined not to be deprived of the treat, forced their way in at the stage door, until there were almost as many persons behind as in front of the scenes, much to the inconvenience of the actors, and the delight of Fitzmountebank, who rubbed his hands with glee and, as they say, smiled all over his face.

There is no denying the fact that the manager chuckled; and, what is more, continued to chuckle for some considerable time, for his luck had indeed changed, his dream had been realised—he was, for the first and only time during his memorable management of the Theatre Royal One Lamp, the proud possessor of a full house! What wonder then that he behaved himself accordingly, bestowing gratuitous smiles on all around; even the programme-boy receiving from him a patronising pat on the head as he was despatched with a message to the leader of the band to do his best to keep sober—a request that was not complied with! Then, too, was not Fitzmountebank pointed at from all parts of the theatre as the manager! Oh, proud moment! Truly

Hyam was, as his name implied, a veritable stunner! After a short but spasmodic overture by the band, strengthened by cat-calls from the audience, the play commenced. The play—"the play's the thing, wherein——" but no matter, the play commenced. Stunner's first appearance as *Hamlet* was the signal for a demonstration of approval not to be easily forgotten. To call it a shout would but faintly describe it—it was a fully-developed yell, amidst which the principal thing to be heard was, "Brayvo, Stunner, lad! Thee'st gotten on thy toggery, then!" Hyam, however, not in the least abashed, proceeded at once with the business of the piece; and, to do him justice, was, as he had promised, perfect in the part, or rather the words, and had he been able to speak without a strong north-country dialect, and have given appropriate instead of inappropriate action—in short, had he been someone else, he might perhaps have played the part fairly. As it was, he succeeded in keeping the house in a roar of laughter whenever he appeared—no mean accomplishment for the Prince of Denmark—and was more than once honoured with a call for a "hornpipe"! Notwithstanding these little manifestations, the enthusiastic exponent of the sabled Dane struggled manfully on till the end of the third act. But here the odds were against him, in the shape of a far too enthusiastic audience, who, finding clapping of hands and stamping of feet insufficient to mark their sense of approval, now turned their attention to the seats. The four dilapidated old cushions that had for years constituted the "upholstery" of the two private boxes, were the missiles first selected, much to the inconvenience of a row of consumptive-looking footlights, which at once became a thing of the past. Orange-peel, cabbage-stumps, and bags of flour followed in quick succession.

How long this state of things might have continued it is difficult to say; for about this time the whole performance was brought to a sudden and unexpected collapse owing to some ingenious person, on being requested to put on more light, succeeding in turning the handle of the meter the wrong way, thus placing the theatre in total darkness. A scene of indescribable confusion at once ensued. Actors and audience were all at sea, and the theatre was fast becoming a wreck. The performance not having been completed according to the programme, cries were raised for "money back," and at about the same time it occurred to Fitzmountebank to leave the building, the last thing he saw on looking back being a terrible fight for possession of the street-door, which was eventually torn from its hinges and carried bodily into the street. How they finished the performance the manager thought it unadvisable to wait to see, but he was made fully aware the next morning, when Mr. Stunner, with his head in a bandage and his arm in a sling, called on him for some little compensation for his wounds. He had, he said, in order to quell the disturbance, stepped over the footlights into the orchestra, forgetting, in his excitement and the darkness, that there was any break between the stage and the pit, and falling plump into the middle of the big drum; the report of which gave currency to the belief that a gas explosion had taken place, and was the means of speedily clearing the building.

Of course Fitzmountebank was well able to satisfy his benefactor, still being left in possession of a goodly sum and the aforesaid chuckle; but unfortunately he was shortly afterwards served with a notice from the proprietor of the theatre, informing him that his recklessness in filling the building, both before and behind the curtain, with disorderly persons, had resulted in great damage to the property, and requiring him to make good the same at once. After coming to terms with the proprietor, settling up with his company, and discharging all his other little obligations, the luckless Fitzmountebank was enabled to leave the town with only a bunch of keys and a postage-stamp. Still he never regretted making *Hamlet* the *last* night of the season.—O. G. Wolter.

At a dinner held in New York not long ago, the guests fell to discussing the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Among the guests was an aged Western gentleman, who said very little and listened a great deal. Finally he was asked what he thought of the question. "Well," he replied deliberately, "of course I don't know much about it; but if Lord Bacon did not write those plays, he lost the greatest opportunity of his life!" For a wonder, this view of the controversy was received without a dissenting voice.

The original of "Paul Pry," that amusing character whose curiosity was insatiable, was a London journalist known as Tommy Hill. The man always "happened to know" everything about everybody. He once went with others to visit a friend at his suburban residence. The party was so pleasant that the host tried to persuade the guests to stay another day, but Hill was inexorable. He went about whispering to his friends, "Don't stay; he is not sincere." When the party got on the coach to return to town, one of the disappointed asked Hill what foundation he had for his suspicions. "Well," said Hill, "I got up early this morning, and I happened to look into the larder. There was nothing in it."

"Nipped in the Bud."

"ANASTASIA, I don't like it"—and Uncle Bokin rapped the skull of his second egg with a force almost sufficient to crack the egg-cup. "Why, uncle, I'm sure it's a fresh one," replied Anastasia. "I'm not referring to the hegg, but the 'usband," sternly responded Uncle Bokin, as he looked frowningly over his spectacles at his niece, who was industriously pouring out his third cup of coffee. "For some time past, Anastasia," continued Uncle Bokin, poising his egg-spoon in his fingers, and holding it towards his niece, as if, upon the slightest indication of contradiction, he was prepared to hurl it at her head, "I've had my eye upon Marmaduke." "Gracious!" was all that Anastasia ejaculated, but she gazed hard at Uncle Bokin, as if trying to discover which eye of the two had been engaged in concentrating itself upon Marmaduke. "I have." Uncle Bokin could not have nodded at his niece with greater solemnity if he had just discovered the secret of perpetual motion. "Well, I never," said the niece. "I thought not," replied the uncle; at which they glared again at each other, while the cat with great deliberation rose from the rug, yawned, and sharpened her claws upon one of Uncle Bokin's legs. "And I repeat, Anastasia,"—kicking the cat away—"that I don't like it" (hitting his egg again with the most cold-blooded determination), "because I'm firmly convinced"—here he scalped his egg—"that it's——a bad 'un, by jingo!"—and Uncle Bokin fairly reeled in his chair, as if the sea-serpent had popped up its head out of the shell before him.

His wrath was terrible. A bad-tempered, vulgar, overbearing old fellow, the hopes of whose fortune bred in his niece and her husband a servile submission to all his tyrannical whims and fancies, he could not brook the slightest disturbance of his comfort, and at once saw in the addled egg a covert insult, and possibly an attempt to poison him. Bridling like an angry turkey-cock, he blustered forth, "What's the meaning of this, Anastasia?" "I'm really very sorry, uncle dear; put it away and try the ham." "The 'am be 'anged, it's the hegg I want to know about." His niece discreetly removed the obnoxious egg and placed before the old curmudgeon a dainty slab of fresh ham. "You were saying something about Marmy, uncle dear," she said, after this little storm had blown over. "Ha!" said Uncle Bokin unctuously, "that husband of yours is deceiving you." Anastasia turned pale, and clutched the bread-knife with a tighter grip. "Uncle!" was all that she could say. "Deceiving you, deceiving *me*, deceiving all of us," continued the old man, working himself into quite a frenzy. "What do you mean?" ominously inquired his niece. "He has been too reserved of late," said he. "He has been occupied a great deal with the affairs of the Society for the Dissemination of Top-boots and Spectacles among the Heathen of Okokerryboo," said she. "He has been writing too much in his own room." "The affairs of the society." "He's out too often." "The natives of Okokerryboo." "And where has he gone this morning?" "To a breakfast of the society." "Bosh!" "Uncle!" "Bah! Read that"—and he flung a letter across the table to her. "Found it on the floor of his room." Anastasia picked up the letter and read as follows:

"I shall be glad to meet you at the usual place on Wednesday, at 11 A.M.
"Yours, MAUDE FEATHERSTONE."

"Is Maude a native of Okokerryboo? Does she require top-boots and spectacles?" Another moment and Uncle Bokin would have gone off into a fit, so apoplectic did he become. "We'll follow him," said Anastasia, with an angry gleam which boded no good to Maude. "We will," grunted Uncle Bokin, anticipating with malicious enjoyment the discomfiture of Anastasia's husband. "How are we to get the address?" "Ask the cabman at the livery stables where he drove Marmaduke to this morning." "I will," replied Anastasia grimly. Poor Marmaduke!

* * * * *

Mr. Rollin Feese was a third-rate dramatic agent, inhabiting a grimy little den on the third floor of a dismal set of offices, the exact whereabouts of which is of no moment to my readers. Calling upon Mr. Feese for the first time was disastrous to the limbs and temper of his visitors. The amount of profanity discharged upon the air of that dark tortuous passage to his office, as the explorer literally tumbled up it in his search for Feese, was something appalling. Up this staircase Mr. Marmaduke S. Scripp stumbled,

after dismissing his cab, and presented himself to the watery or rum-and-watery eyes of Feese himself.

The dramatic agent was not alone. A lady, who looked like a blood relation of Lady Macbeth, and who seemed to have a marriage connection with Lucretia Borgia, was sitting opposite to him. This was Miss Maude Featherstone, otherwise Mrs. Jonas Dump, leading lady, and she had an appointment with Mr. M. S. Scripp. "Good morrow, Mr. Scripp; you are late," said this commanding female, in tones which seemed to come from somewhere downstairs, like a ventriloquist with a cold. "Dear me," said Marmaduke, politely, "so I am; must have been the cab." "Miss Featherstone would like to go through this fourth scene in the third act of your tragedy, Mr. Scripp," said Feese. "Delighted, I'm sure," murmured Scripp, with all an unknown author's modesty. "I'm sure the tragedy 'll be a big success," continued the old humbug, to whom in an evil hour Scripp had applied for an introduction to the boards for his five-act tragedy—a stupendous work over which he had spent many weary months in the solitude of his own room, not daring to reveal the nature of his labour either to his wife or her uncle, both of whom were strict chapelgoers, to whom the stage was as the pit of Tophet. Uncle Bokin would have denounced Marmaduke from the very pulpit if he had guessed his secret.

Scripp had already paid Feese several sums of money for "reading" the play, and for making various feints at having it produced. The last extortion had been upon the plea that he had arranged for a "consideration" with a "well-known" leading lady to go carefully through the piece with Scripp, and give him the benefit of her matured experience. The sister of Lady Macbeth was the leading lady in question.

"I have a few engagements to send off to some clients of mine, so, if you will excuse me, I'll leave you to it." So saying, Feese disappeared into a grimy-looking recess which was masked in by a full-length wall picture of Rob Roy, with a fine display of leg. "Really, madam, I'm afraid that I'm putting you to a great deal of trouble," said Marmaduke, apologetically. "Not at all," returned Macbeth's sister-in-law, royally; "may I ask the import of your play? I have only read one or two scenes." "Briefly this: Gonzalgo, a general in the Grecian army, is suddenly called upon to take the field——" "Dear me," interrupted the lady, "where to?" "It's a military term," explained the obsequious author, "signifying that he had to go forth to battle." "I beg your pardon"—and the lady waved her hand with imperial grace. "Not at all. Where was I?" "Taking a field." "Thank you, really." "Not at all." "While Gonzalgo is away," continued Marmaduke, "he hears that Mecarcus——" "Mick—dear me, an Irish gentleman. My first husband came from Wicklow." "No, madam, no—*mee-carcus*." "Your *what*? Really, sir!" "No, madam," wildly shouted Scripp, "it's the other general's name." "I beg your pardon." "Not at all. Gonzalgo," continued the heated Scripp, "hears that Mecarcus has endeavoured to undermine the affections of his young and beautiful wife. He leaves the field, and entering his home suddenly, discovers Mecarcus at his young wife's feet." "Magnificent," exclaimed Miss Featherstone, who hadn't comprehended two lines of it. "Yes, isn't it?" smiled the author; "so original too." "Oh, very!" acquiesced the old lady. "Now, if you wouldn't object," said the delighted Scripp, "I wish you would run through this particular scene. You will be the young and beautiful wife." "Oh, really, you flatter me," said the tragedy queen, trying to blush. "I do——" "Sir!" "*Not*, madam." "H'm!"—the lady was dubious. "I will enact Mecarcus," said Scripp. "But you don't look wicked enough for Mike—that is, Mecarcus." "I'll glare a good deal"—and Scripp folded his arms and scowled through his glasses at Miss Featherstone as if she had been a rival author who had just been "curtained." "Now, madam, if you will stand there, I will kneel here. Take the manuscript and let us begin. Now," said Scripp, after he had thrown himself in a variety of kneeling postures, "how does he address her?" "Oh, fool, idiot!" said the "young and beautiful," fumbling with the MS. "No, no, that's where he reproaches himself. I have it"—and gripping Miss Featherstone's hand, he commenced: "Ah! beauteous maiden—(Miss F. giggled)—can I see thee in thy magnificent misery and gilded grief, and not seek to solace thee in thy sorrow? Let me be thy slave, and, freeing thee from the trammels that bind thee now, declare myself thine adorer, who lives but to, but to—— the cue, please," snapping his fingers like castanets. "To—to," repeated the old lady, hurriedly, "to—to bake in the sun." "No, no!" almost shrieked Scripp; "to bask in the sunlight of thy radiant eyes." "Michael—that is, Mecarcus, dost thou forget that I am a wife?" "Forget, no. That thou art another's gives strength to my pleading. Ah! adorable being—adorable being—a-a-dorable being,—(wet your finger, madam, and turn over, do)—adorable being, I love thee,"—dragging himself on his knees nearer to the lady in his fervour,—"I love thee with my whole soul."

"You do, do you, you villain?" These were certainly not Miss Featherstone's words, nor did they form any part of the tragedy. "Heavens, my wife!" ejaculated Scripp, seeming to lift himself to his feet by his hair. "And her Uncle Bokin," grinned that old nuisance from the doorway, as Feese popped out from behind Rob Roy and looked on. "So, sir, this is the way that you disseminate top-boots and spectacles among the heathen of Okokerryboo, is it?" "And this," said Uncle Bokin, pointing to Miss Featherstone, "is one of the heathen, I presume." "Heathen, you——!" Miss Featherstone became speechless with indignation and sat down. "Allow me," began Feese, blandly. "Silence!" replied Mrs. Scripp, with such impetuosity that Feese involuntarily darted into the recess again, and, standing on a chair, surveyed his visitors from over the head of Rob Roy. "Oh, Marmy, Marmy, you have deceived me, you have broken my heart; you have bro—bro——" Here Anastasia could proceed no further, and appropriately finished by falling upon Uncle Bokin, who was at that moment entirely absorbed in contemplating with much concealed gusto the photograph of a pretty burlesque actress, and wondering to himself whether she brought her costume with her in her thimble. "This, sir, is how you treat your lawful wife, is it?" said Uncle Bokin, glaring at Scripp over Anastasia's bonnet. "Uncle, leave him to me," murmured his niece, reviving. "Madam," shouted Feese, oracularly, from the neighbourhood of the ceiling, "permit me——" "Silence, sir" -and Anastasia in her wrath waved her umbrella at Feese so threateningly that he disappeared with great alacrity, the point of the umbrella going right through the eye of the Scottish Chief. "Restrain your wrath, Anastasia. Believe me, darling——" Here Uncle Bokin interrupted with a prodigious snort which gave Miss Featherstone quite a shock. "I have merely written a play." "A play!" Uncle Bokin was about to throw his eyes up to the ceiling in righteous horror, but his glance falling upon the photograph of the burlesque actress again, stopped there. "Yes, a play," exclaimed Feese, bobbing up in his recess like a Jack-in-the-box. "A tragedy, madam," solemnly ejaculated the leading lady. "In five acts," continued Feese, like a chorus. "A play! Read it to me," commanded Anastasia. "What, now?" shouted Feese in terror. "Good heavens, madam ——!" "Sir, you are profane," thundered Uncle Bokin. "That may be, but I'm reasonable." "Come away, Anastasia. This is no place for us. As for you, sir," turning wrathfully to the crestfallen Scripp, who was cramming the manuscript in his coat-tail pocket, "I demand you at once to destroy that soul-damning writing, or I leave every penny-piece of mine to found a hospital for lost cats"—and Uncle Bokin and Anastasia turned to go away. Meekly did Marmaduke follow them downstairs, more meekly and abjectly did he explain the whole matter to them, from the inception of his tragedy to his discovery in Feese's office. But the manuscript was destroyed, and Scripp never wrote another play. Uncle Bokin is dead. The hospital for lost cats was not founded.—J. James Hewson.

A Persevering Manager.

AT the commencement of the present century, Mr. William Penley, a well-known provincial manager, had for a number of years been sole lessee of what was then called "The Windsor Circuit," embracing all the theatres between the Royal town and Dover. He also had the good fortune to gain the "smile of Royalty" from George the Fourth, whose patronage was of great service to him in his managerial career. It was always a "respectable company," for manager Penley's family (a rather numerous one) consisted of extremely "useful people": one sister (soubrette) and one brother—a sterling actor, cotemporary with Edmund Kean, and one of the company at the time of Kean's first appearance in London—three sons and two daughters. Of the three sons, two—Aaron and Montague—were not only good actors but remarkably clever as scenic artists. Aaron Penley was well known as a water-colour painter. The daughters were equally clever, and one—Rosina—played many times "Lady Macbeth" to the "Macbeth" of Macready. It was, therefore, not a very large amount of extraneous help that our manager required to carry on the various theatres under his ruling.

At the time the last war with the first Napoleon was in progress, English theatres were at a complete dead-lock; very few were kept open, and those only by rash speculators who had nothing to lose, for it meant ruin to a solvent man; and Penley belonging to the latter class, and being prudent likewise, kept his closed. He, however,

was not one to sit down quietly and wait for fortune to come to him, so he did not much astonish the family one morning by telling them to prepare to follow him to Brussels. To Brussels with his company went Penley, and soon opened a theatre with a fair amount of success, and was *actually* performing in it the night before the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo to a tolerably filled house.

At the conclusion of the war Brussels became comparatively deserted, and he returned to his old circuit, but only to meet with failure. Mourning emblems were too conspicuous for a successful theatrical venture. The active-minded manager did not understand what is now known as "resting," there were too many mouths depending on him; so with a determination "to do" or something else, he entered into negotiations with the proprietors of one of the then largest theatres in Paris, and paying a very heavy deposit, which he used to say "nearly broke him," he started with his company and took possession, though not without some misgivings. His bills were distributed and posted, and were "torn up" and torn down; still he persevered, sending out relays after relays, to share the fate of their predecessors.

The opening-night came. The house was crammed almost to suffocation, but it was *not quite the audience* our manager wanted. The moment the curtain rose, Pandemonium was let loose. Not one word would they hear. Hisses, loud and long, with the accompaniment of a very tempest of stamping, was the *order* this most *disorderly* audience indulged in. In vain the actors essayed to make themselves heard, and after some time, during which they went through a portion of their parts as in "dumb show," the curtain was lowered. And now commenced what would most likely have been the destruction of the interior of the theatre at least, but help was at hand. The curtain quickly rose and discovered a body of gendarmes, who, charging the mob, soon expelled the rioters. The receipts for the night were excellent.

Our manager was not to be daunted, and, though against the advice of the authorities, he was determined to open. He had paid, and he intended to play; and play he did, with a repetition of the previous night's opposition save the threatened attack on the building, for he had taken the precaution of showing he was not unprepared to meet it by placing two of his last night's protectors on each side of the stage in front of the proscenium. The audience, however *cowed* they may have been at the sight of these "braves," would not allow the performance to proceed, so the curtain was again lowered before the completion of the piece. The receipts were astonishing—equalling the first night.

The third, and, as it proved, the last night was like the previous ones, only, if possible, a larger audience, the receipts slightly exceeding the others. A parley ensued between manager and owners of the theatre, for they had become fearful of the consequences. Not so Penley. He held the card and knew when to play it. He had hired the place for two months, and intended (so he said) continuing the performances. Had he not paid a large deposit, and was he not doing well? The *Parisian* proprietors had to give way, peace was proclaimed, the deposit was refunded, with a bonus of 10,000 francs for the unexpired term, and the doors opened no more for what was then the first company of English actors in a French theatre.

"I quitted France," said Penley, "with a very lively recollection of my reception, and with the satisfaction of knowing I required more capacious pockets than when entering it." It was a true case of quartering on the enemy.—W. R. Pepper.

Foote's Marionette.—"Pray, sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?" asked a lady of fashion. "Oh, dear, madam, no," replied Foote, "not much above the size of Garrick."

Garrick a Timber Merchant.—Rogers, describing to Foote some remarks made by Garrick on Lacy's love of money, as a mere attempt to cover his own parsimony by throwing it on his fellow-patentee, had ended with the old question of "Why on earth didn't Garrick take the beam out of his own eye before attacking the mote in other people's?" "He is not sure," said Foote, "of selling the timber."

Sending Round the Hat.—Foote and his friends were making a contribution for the relief of a poor fellow, a decayed player, who was nicknamed the "Captain of the Four Winds," because his hat was worn into four spouts. Each person of the company dropped his mite into the hat as it was held out to him. "If Garrick hears of this," exclaimed Foote, "he will certainly send us his hat."

A Puzzling Cue.—Quin, when acting "Judge Balance" in the *Recruiting Officer*, thus addressed Mrs. Woffington: "Sylvia, what age were you when your dear mother married?" The actress remained silent, when Quin proceeded, "I ask what age you were when your mother was born?" "I regret," replied "Sylvia," "I cannot answer your question; but I can tell you how old I was when my mother died."

"The Actor's First Child."

A FOGGY night in the latter part of November; a meanly-furnished garret in a by-place near the muddy Thames, within sound of the clock of Lambeth Church, one side of the house faced by the railway line. As my story opens the trains shake the jerry-built structure to its foundations in their transit to and fro, the whistle is heard shrieking and the steam hissing as they pass the only partition which separates them from the bed on which is lying a dying child. Ah! and what a child! She is exactly twenty months old, with long golden hair and fair blue eyes upturned to the ceiling of the low-roofed room with a strange wild searching gaze, as if expecting to see in that dirty, whitewashed patch an opening through which an angel might appear, on whose feathery wings the darling could rely for a safe conveyance to those pearly gates so far above human ken, standing open to admit the pure and innocent alone. At three o'clock this very day she was out with her father, dressed in her white frock and blue sash, with little Mother Hubbard bonnet and a fur-lined cloak, running by his side to a little shop in Oakley Street, Waterloo Road, to purchase of a Mr. White a pound of spangles to decorate a shape for a forthcoming production at the little aristocratic temple of the drama in Stangate Street, Westminster Road. But, alas! now the father and his bewildered wife are watching by the bedside of the now silent "chatterbox," for some sign to give them hope that a change for the better may set in. And oh! how they hope! It is their first child. How they pray that she may be spared to them! How they watch every heave of the little chest, every twitch of the little hands, every spasm of the fast breathing, until poor father, wearied with care, study, grief, anxiety, and watching, finally says, "I must lie down for a while, or I shall fall from the chair and alarm the darling; if she gets worse, for God's sake awake me instantly." And so the poor, tired, careworn actor flings himself down on a bed beside the poor child, and falls at once into a leaden sleep, from which he is not aroused until the day begins to dawn, and the angels are standing on the threshold to claim their own. "Walter!" "What is it?" "She is *going*." And starting out of his sleep in a dazed and bewildered manner, as if he cannot quite understand where he is, the wife urges him up from the bed with her hands without taking her eyes off the spot where the little Catherine lies, and adds "She has been calling for you." Without another word they both approach their darling, while the tears welling to their eyes and throats render them speechless, sightless, and almost mad. They hear a strange gurgling sound, the form is quite still, and as they gaze through the salt tears at the lips now black with their convulsive throes, the eyes open once again, they fix themselves on the patch in the ceiling, and a little voice scarcely audible utters the word "Papa." As he is about to bend his head to her, the two little hands are slightly raised, the forefingers point upwards, the poor actor chokingly exclaims, "Good God! what is it she sees?"—and the spirit of the child vanishes from its earthly home, and little Kate escapes the "profession."—J. B. Howe.

Mr. Mapleson tells us that he managed his singers by humouring them. "Giuglini was in many things a child. So, indeed, are most members of the artistic tribe, and it is only by treating them and humouring them as children, that one can get them to work at all. The only two things Giuglini really delighted in were kites and fireworks. Give him kites to fly by day, and rockets, Roman candles, or even humble squibs and crackers to let off at night, and he was perfectly happy. Often in the Brompton Road, at the risk of being crushed to death by omnibuses, he has been seen lost in admiration of the kite he was flying, until at last the omnibus men came to know him, and from sympathy, or more probably from pity for the joy he took in childish pleasures, would drive carefully as they came near him."

The following description of Madame Patti's railway travelling carriage in America is given in Mr. Mapleson's "Memoirs": "Madame Patti had gone for a drive, and during her absence a limited number of notabilities were allowed to inspect her car, which had cost £12,000. It was without doubt the most superb and tasteful coach on wheels anywhere in the world. The curtains were of heavy silk damask, the walls and ceilings covered with gilded tapestry, the lamps of rolled gold, the furniture throughout upholstered with silk damask of the most beautiful material. The drawing-room was of white and gold, and the ceiling displayed several figures painted by Parisian artists of eminence. The woodwork was sandalwood, of which likewise was the casing of a magnificent Steinway piano, which alone had cost 2,000 dollars. There were several panel oil-paintings in the drawing-room, the work of Italian artists. The bath, which was fitted for hot and cold water, was made of solid silver. The key of the outer door was of 18-carat gold."

New Pieces

PRODUCED AT THE LONDON THEATRES

FROM DECEMBER, 1887, TO END OF NOVEMBER, 1888.

ADELPHI.

The Refugees, comedietta, by J. M. Campbell, July 19.
The Union Jack, drama, in four acts, by Henry Pettitt and Sydney Grundy, July 19.

AVENUE.

Trespassers Beware, comedietta, in one act, by Charles Thomas, April 26.
Church and Stage, drama, in five acts, by G. Walter Reynolds (originally produced at Theatre-Royal, Wolverhampton, on January 16, 1888), April 30.
The Other Little Lord Fondleboy, travestie, by Frederick Bowyer, June 18.
On Toast, comedietta, by Fred. Horner, July 16.
Gladys; or, The Golden Key, comedy, in three acts, by Arthur Law (originally produced at the Strand Theatre, December 1, 1886), August 25.
Quits, folie musicale, in one act, written by B. T. Hughes, composed by John Crook, October 1.
Nadgy, comic opera, in three acts, music by Chassaigne, libretto adapted by Alfred Murray, from *Les Noces Improvisées* (Bouffes-Parisiens, February 13, 1886), by Armand Liorat and Albert Fonteny. [The original had two other titles, *Les Noces de Nadgy* and *La Mariée d'un Jour.*] November 7.

BRITANNIA.

King Trickee; or, Harlequin the Demon Beetle, the Sporting Duchess, and the Golden Casket, pantomime, by J. Addison, December 26.

COMEDY.

The Arabian Nights, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Mr. Sydney Grundy, transferred from the Globe Theatre, December 5.
Sunset, play, in one act, by Jerome K. Jerome (founded on Lord Tennyson's poem "The Sisters"), February 13.
Wood Barrow Farm, play, in three acts, by Jerome K. Jerome, June 18.
Uncles and Aunts, farcical comedy, in three acts, by W. Lestocq and Walter Everard, August 22.
The Spy, play, in one act, by Cecil Raleigh, September 21.

COURT.

The new theatre was reopened on September 24 by Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh with
Hermine, play, in one act, by Charles Thomas, September 24.
Mamma, farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted by Sydney Grundy from Alex. Bisson and Ant. Mars's *Les Surprises du Divorce* (the original comedy produced at the Paris Vaudeville, March 2, 1888; first time in England, under the direction of M. Coquelin, Royalty, April 16, 1888), September 24.

COVENT GARDEN.

Jack and the Beanstalk; or, the Seven Champions, pantomime, by Henry Hersee and Horace Lennard, December 26.

CRITERION.

Wyllard's Weird, comedy-drama, in prologue and three acts, founded on Miss Braddon's novel, by Dr. Harry Lobb, December 29.
Why Women Weep, comedietta, January 23.
David Garrick, burlesque, by Chas. Colnaghi and E. Ponsonby, May 11.
The Deputy, farcical comedy, in three acts, by J. M. Campbell, May 15.
The Viper on the Hearth, drama, in one act, by J. M. Campbell, May 15.
Blackmail, comedy-drama, in three acts, by G. H. Roqué (Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs), (first produced by amateurs, on September 3, 1887, at the Literary Institute, Shanklin, Isle of Wight), October 17.
The Widow Winsome, play, in three parts, by Alfred Calmour, November 27.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Robinson Crusoe, pantomime, adapted by Horace Lennard from H. J. Byron's burlesque on the same subject, music by Oscar Barrett, December 24.

Too Lovely Black-ey'd Susan, burlesque perversion of Douglas Jerrold's drama, written by Horace Lennard, music by Oscar Barrett (also given at the Strand Theatre at a matinée on the 11th of the month), April 2.
Circumstances Alter Cases, one-act play, by Isidore G. Ascher, B.C.L., April 23.
The Corsican Brothers, opera, libretto by Charles Bradberry, music by George Fox, September 25.

DRURY-LANE.

Puss in Boots, pantomime, by E. L. Blanchard, music by Walter Slaughter, December 26.
The Armada: A Romance of 1588, spectacular drama, in five acts, by Henry Hamilton and Augustus Harris, September 22.

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

Reaping the Harvest, drama, in a prologue and three acts, by Alfred Stafford (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Woolwich, as *True Grit*, on June 27, 1887), December 3.
Jack the Giant Killer and the Butterfly Queen, pantomime, by Henri G. French, December 24.
The Land of Gold, drama, in six acts, by George Lander, February 25.
Fallen among Thieves, drama, in prologue and four acts, by W. E. Morton, March 10.
The Lady or the Tiger, libretto, in three acts, adapted by Sidney Rosenfeld from F. R. Stockton's story of the same name (for copyright purposes), May 7.
The Regiment, comedy-drama, in three acts, by S. Osborn, May 12.
True to the Last, melodrama, in four acts, by J. W. Whitbread, July 16.
Soft Soap, farcical operetta, in one act, libretto by John Jourdain, music by Henri G. French, September 29.
Roger La Honte; or, Jean the Disgraced, adaptation by Robert Buchanan of the drama, in five acts, of *Roger La Honte*, by Jules Mary and Georges Grisier (Ambigu, September 28, 1888), produced for purposes of copyright, November 29.

GAIETY.

Frankenstein, melodramatic burlesque, in three acts, by "Richard Henry," December 24.
Lot 49, farce, adapted from the German of Von Moser, by W. J. Fisher, January 17.
The Railroad of Love, adapted by Augustin Daly from *Goldfische*, by Franz von Schoenthan and Gustav Kadelberg (Daly company's season), May 5.
Taming of the Shrew, new version of Shakespeare's comedy, induction and five acts, prepared by Mr. Augustin Daly (Daly company's season), May 29.
Marina, play, in four acts, by John Coleman, and taken from Archibald Clavering Gunter's story, "Mr. Barnes of New York," August 4.
Polly's Venture, domestic comedy, in one act, by Malcolm Watson, August 9.
She, romantic drama, in a prologue and five acts, dramatised, by permission, from H. Rider Haggard's novel of the same name by Edward Rose (produced for copyright purposes at the Haymarket, May 25, 1888), and re-written and adapted for Miss Sophie Eyre by William Sidney and Cio. Graves, September 6.
The Spotted Lion, farce, by W. Sapte, jun., October 8.
Faust Up to Date, burlesque, in two acts, by G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, music by Meyer Lutz and Robert Martin, October 30.

GLOBE.

The Golden Ladder, drama, in five acts, by George R. Sims and Wilson Barrett, December 22.
Bootles' Baby, play, in four acts, by Hugh Moss, adapted from John Strange Winter's (Mrs. Arthur Stannard) story of the same name (first produced at Theatre Royal, Stratford, February 16, 1888), May 8.
A Daughter's Sacrifice, play, in one act, by Neville Doone, May 17.
True Colours, comedy, in one act, by J. P. Hurst, June 11.
The Monk's Room, drama, in prologue and three acts, by John Lart (originally produced at Prince of Wales's, December 20, 1887), placed in the evening bill here October 2.
That Telegram, farce, by W. Sapte, jun., November 12.

GRAND.

The Game of Life, drama, in prologue and three acts, by W. Howell-Poole (originally produced at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, in August, 1887), December 12.
Whittington and His Cat, pantomime, by "Geoffrey Thorn" (Chas. Townley), December 26.
[This Theatre was burnt down on the morning of December 28, 1887, the pantomime only being played for two nights; rebuilt from the plans of Mr. Frank Matcham, it was reopened on December 1, 1888, with *The Still Alarm*, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wilmot, Mr. H. A. Freeman being the manager.]

HAYMARKET.

Partners, comedy-drama, in five acts, by Robert Buchanan, partly founded on M. Alphonse Daudet's story of "Fromont Jeune and Risler Aîné," January 5.
Incognito, play, in three acts, by Hamilton Aïdé, January 11.
The Pompadour, romantic play, in four acts, founded partly on Brachvogel's German piece *Narcisse* (adapted from Diderot's *Neveu de Rameau*), by W. G. Wills and Sydney Grundy, March 31.

A version of H. Rider Haggard's novel "She," by Edward Rose (copyright performance), May 25.

A Compromising Case, comedy, in one act, adapted by Mrs. T. E. Smale from "Le Porte-Cigare," May 26.

Captain Swift, play, in four acts, by C. Haddon Chambers (produced at a matinée at the Haymarket on June 20), placed in the evening bill September 1.

LYCEUM.

The Loadstone, drama, in four acts, by T. Edgar Pemberton and W. H. Vernon, April 7.

The Amber Heart, poetical play by Alfred C. Calmour (originally produced on June 7, 1887, at the Lyceum), placed in the evening bill May 23.

Francillon, comedy, in three acts, by Alexandre Dumas, *fils* (produced at the Comédie-Française, January 17, 1887), played in the original French by Madame Sarah Bernhardt's company, July 30.

La Tosca, drama, in five acts and six tableaux, by Victorien Sardou (in the original French by Madame Sarah Bernhardt's company), July 9.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, play, in four acts, dramatised by T. Russell Sullivan, from Robert Louis Stevenson's story "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," August 4.

Lesbia, classical comedy, in one act, by Richard Davey, September 17.

A Parisian Romance, translation, in five acts, of Octave Feuillet's play *Un Roman Parisien*, for the first time in England, October 1.

Prince Karl, comedy, in four acts, by Archibald Clavering Gunter (originally produced in America), October 19.

MARYLEBONE.

The Frog Who Would A-Wooing Go, pantomime, by William Muskerry, December 24.

Barnes of New York, drama, by Hal Collier-Edwards, June 23.

The Golden Goblin, drama, in four acts, by Frank Marryat (first produced at Theatre Royal, Croydon, March 5, 1888), July 23.

NOVELTY.

Sidonie, drama, in three acts, by Fred. Lyster and Paul Heriot (originally produced in America), December 14.

Good Business, farce, by R. K. Hervey, December 14.

Fennel, one-act play, adapted from François Coppée's *Le Luthier de Crémône*, by Jerome K. Jerome. [Another adaptation of Coppée's piece by Mr. Henry Neville, was produced at the Olympic in July, 1877, under the title of *The Violin-Maker of Cremona*.] March 31.

Bonny Boy, farce, in three acts, by T. G. Warren (first produced at a matinée at the Criterion Theatre, December 2, 1886, under the title of *My Bonny Boy*), placed in the evening bill April 19.

She, a dramatic version, in four acts, by William Sidney and Clo. Graves, of H. Rider Haggard's novel of the same name (for copyright purposes), May 10. [A further copyright performance of the same version of the novel was given at this theatre on May 25.]

Laura; or, Love's Enchantment, comedy, in three acts, June 20.

The Wrong Envelope, comedietta, by Edith E. Cuthell, June 20.

——— Mrs. Churchill Jodrell reopened the Novelty Theatre on October 22, 1888, and renamed it THE JODRELL.

The Demon, opera, in five acts, by Anton Rubinstein, played for the first time in England in its original language (Russian opera company), October 22.

The Alderman, comedy, in three acts, adapted by James Mortimer from Barrière and Capendu's *L'Héritage de M. Plumet* (the adaptation first played at a Criterion matinée, April 29, 1887), placed in the evening bill here November 24.

A White Lie, comedietta, adapted by James Mortimer from Meilhac's *L'Été de St. Martin*, November 24.

OLYMPIC.

His Romance, comedy, in four acts, adapted by Meyrick Milton from Herr Michael Klapp's *Rosenkrantz und Guildenstern*, February 16.

The Brothers, play, in one act, by Henry Byatt (originally produced March 10, 1887, at the Vaudeville), partly revised and rewritten, February 20.

Christina, romantic drama, in four acts, by Percy Lynwood and Mark Ambient, first produced at a matinée at Prince of Wales's Theatre, April 22, 1887, placed in the evening bill March 8.

The Blot in the 'Scutcheon, drama, in three acts, by Robert Browning (produced in 1843), revived by the Browning Society, March 15.

To the Death, drama, in a prologue and three acts, adapted by Rutland Barrington from Archibald Clavering Gunter's novel, "Mr. Barnes of New York," March 23.

Barren Land, play, in three acts, by Henry Byatt and William Magnay, April 11.

The Monk's Room, play, in three acts, by John Lart, revised and altered by the author (originally produced as a four-act play at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, December 20 1887), April 18.

The Silent Shore, dramatised version, in prologue and four acts, by J. Bloundelle-Burton, of his romance of the same name, May 8.
The Portrait, comedietta, by W. Sapte, jun., May 15.
Mr. Barnes of New York, play, in prologue and three acts (originally produced at the Olympic as *To the Death*, March 23, 1888), adapted from Archibald Clavering Gunter's novel of the same name by Rutland Barrington, May 16.
The Scarlet Letter, play, in prologue and four acts, founded on Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel of the same name, prologue by Charles Charrington, play by Alec Nelson (Edward B. Aveling), June 5.
For Her Sake, drama, in one act, by Alec Nelson (Edward B. Aveling), June 22.
Pity is Akin to Love, "unfinished sketch," by Jerome K. Jerome, September 8.
Kitchen Love, farce, by Robert Courtneidge, September 29.

OPERA COMIQUE.

Ariane, drama, in four acts, adapted from Mrs. Campbell Praed's novel "Wedlock," by herself and Mr. Richard Lee, February 8.
Love and Politics, comedietta, by H. T. Johnson, February 9.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, play, in four acts, by Daniel Bandmann, founded on Mr. R. L. Stevenson's story, August 6.
Carina, comic opera, in three acts, libretto by E. L. Blanchard and Cunningham Bridgman, founded on *Guerre Ouverte; ou, Ruse contre Ruse*; music by Julia Wolff, September 27.
The Blacksmith's Daughter, domestic comedy, in one act, by Arnold Goldsworthy and E. B. Norman, October 16.

PAVILION.

Robinson Crusoe, pantomime, by Geoffrey Thorn, December 26.
Judge Not, domestic drama, in five acts, by Frank Harvey, August 13.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Handfast, play, in prologue and three acts, by Henry Hamilton and Mark Quinton, December 13.
The Monk's Room, romantic play, in prologue and four acts, by J. Lart, December 20.
The Love that Kills, poetical fancy, in three acts, adapted by Jocelyn Brandon from Alphonse Daudet's "L'Arlésienne," overture, entr'actes and incidental music by Georges Bizet, January 27.
Tares, play, in three acts, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, January 31.
The Postscript, comedy, in one act, by F. Hamilton Knight, February 14.
Little Lord Fauntleroy, comedy, in three acts, adapted from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's story with the same title, by E. V. Seebohm, February 23.
The Power of Love, drama, in four acts, adapted by Henrietta Lindley from Mrs. Panton's novel, "A Tangled Chain," March 6.
Warranted Burglar Proof, vaudeville, in one act, libretto by B. C. Stephenson, music by Ivan Caryll and Henry J. Leslie, March 31.
Held Asunder, drama, in four acts, by Malcolm Watson, April 3.
Palmistry, one-act duologue, by Ralph R. Lumley, April 13.
Clara Vere de Vere, play, in four acts, founded, by permission, on Lord Tennyson's poem, by Campbell Rae-Brown, June 8.
The Double Marriage, romantic play, in four acts, by Charles Reade, adapted by the author from his own story of "White Lies," founded on Macquet's drama, *Le Château Grantier* (originally produced at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, October 24, 1867), revised and altered version, June 26.
A Handsome Apology, comedietta, by Andrew Longmuir, July 3.
A L'Essai, French comedietta, by MM. A. Cahen and G. Sujol, July 3.

PRINCESS'S.

Siberia, play, in five acts, by Bartley Campbell (originally produced in America), December 14.
Mirage, play, in four acts, adapted by Edwin Cleary from F. C. Philips's "As in a Looking Glass," February 9.
The Mystery of a Hansom Cab, drama, in four acts, adapted from Fergus Hume's story of the same name by that author and Mr. Arthur Law, February 23.
A Voice from the Bottle, farce, by J. Provand Webster, March 17.
Dorothy Gray, drama, in five acts, by J. F. Nisbet, April 10.
Phèdre, tragedy, by Racine, translated into prose by A. W. Momerie, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., April 16.
His Last Stake, drama, in one act, by J. Provand Webster, April 24.
The Ben-my-Chree, romantic drama, in five acts, by Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett, founded on Hall Caine's novel "The Deemster," May 17.
Midnight; or, The Wood Carver of Bruges, by James W. Furrell and Eugène C. Stafford, May 24.
The Still Alarm, romantic comedy-drama, in four acts, by Joseph Arthur and A. C. Wheeler (originally produced at Fourteenth-street Theatre, New York, August 30, 1887), August 2.
Philanthropy, farce, by A. D. Livaudais (Miss Alice Chandos), September 3.

Hands across the Sea, drama, in five acts, by Henry Pettitt (produced originally at Theatre Royal, Manchester, July 30, 1888), November 10.

ROYALTY.

La Mascotte, opera bouffe, in three acts, libretto by MM. Chivot and Duru, music by M. Audran (played in French for the first time in England by a French company), January 23.

Le Député de Bombignac, comedy, in three acts, by Alexandre Bisson (in French). [This piece is the original of the Criterion comedy *The Candidate*.] March 2.

Chamillac, comedy, in five acts, by Octave Feuillet (originally produced at the Comédie-Française, April, 1886), March 5.

Le Mariage de Figaro, comedy, in five acts, by Beaumarchais, produced at the Comédie-Française in 1784, played for the first time in this country in its integrity March 12.

Gabrielle, comedy, in five acts, in verse, by Emile Augier (French plays). [Originally produced at the Comédie-Française in 1849. Adapted as *Home Truths*.] March 15.

La Céramique (known also as *Le Bibelot* and *La Soupière*), one-act duologue, by M. Ernest d'Hervilly (French plays). [This little piece has been adapted by George Grossmith, under the title of *Cups and Saucers*, and Cunningham Bridgman took from the same source the plot of *Under Cover*.] March 29.

Protecteur et Protégé, one-act duologue, by Eugène Vivier, played by Les Frères Coquelin, March 29.

Habit ou Redingote, by M. Touchatout, March 29.

Les Surprises du Divorce, comedy, in three acts, by Alex. Bisson and Ant. Mars (Paris Vaudeville, March 2, 1888), April 16.

The Scarlet Letter, adapted by Norman Forbes and Hon. Stephen Coleridge from Nathaniel Hawthorne's story, and produced for copyright purposes only, May 9.

The Scarlet Letter, romantic drama, in five acts, by Hon. Stephen Coleridge and Norman Forbes, founded on Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel, produced for copyright purposes on May 9 at the Royalty, placed in the evening bill there June 4.

The Paper-Chase, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Charles Thomas, transferred from Toole's, August 20.

The Real Case of Hide and Seekyll, musical farce, written and composed by George Grossmith, September 3.

A Fair Bigamist, play, in four acts, by U. Burford, September 20.

L'Abbé Constantin, comedy, in three acts, by MM. Hector Crémieux and Decourcelle, from Ludovic Halévy's novel (first produced in Paris, November 4, 1887, at the Gymnase), M. Mayer's French play season, October 15.

Le Gentilhomme Pauvre, comedy, in two acts, by Dumanoir and Lafargue (known to the English stage as *The Poor Gentleman*—adapted by Alfred Wigan for the St. James's in 1861—and as *Brave Hearts*, by Arthur Matthison, produced at the Criterion), M. Mayer's French play season, November 5.

La Corde Sensible, by Clairville and Thiboust, M. Mayer's French play season, November 5.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Bluff King Hal, pantomime, by Frank Hall, December 26.

Parted on the Bridal Hour, drama, in four acts, by Laura Jean Libbey (for copyright purposes), February 8.

Pat, the Irish Lancer, Irish drama, in three acts, March 12.

Queen of Fashion, drama, in prologue and five acts (originally produced at Oldham), March 19.

A Plunge in the Dark (revised, remodelled, and renamed), drama, in four acts, by George Roberts, March 26.

The Trapper, drama of the Far West, by George Roberts, April 2.

Streak o' Sunshine, musical drama, in three acts, by Loftus Don (originally produced March 12, 1888, at Royal Aquarium, Great Yarmouth), May 7.

The Vendetta; or, The Corsican's Revenge, play, in four acts, adapted by W. Calvert from Archibald Clavering Gunter's novel, "Mr. Barnes of New York," July 7.

A Woman's Sin; or, On the Verge, domestic drama, in prologue and three acts, by E. France and F. Dobell (originally produced as *On the Verge*, March 10, 1888, Theatre Royal, Wolverhampton), July 21.

Our Lass, drama, in prologue and four acts, by Wilford Stevens (produced originally at Salford, April 30, 1886), July 28.

Sally in Our Alley, play, in three acts, by Fred. Lyster and Paul Heriot (produced for copyright purposes), August 31.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Macduff's Cross, drama, in one act, by Sir Walter Scott (produced by amateurs), December 8.

Our Servants' Ball, sketch, by Corney Grain, first time in London, December 26.

An Old Maid's Wooing, comedy, in one act, by Arnold Goldsworthy and E. B. Norman, January 28.

Love and Halfpence, comedietta, adapted by William Poel from MM. Clairville and Lambert Thiboust's *L'Histoire d'un Sou*, January 31.

Fifty Years After, drama, in prologue and three acts, adapted by Herr Albert Alberg from the romantic drama *Efter Femtis Ar*, by the Swedish dramatist, Z. Topelius, February 25.

The Man That Hesitates, adapted by G. W. Godfrey from Mrs. Hughes Bell's *L'Indécis*, produced at the Royalty, November 10, 1887 [the original English version of the piece, entitled *Between the Posts*, also by Mrs. Bell, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, September 9, 1887], February 28.

The Last Straw, domestic drama, in one act, by C. H. Dickinson, March 3.

Troy Again, burlesque, in one act, by E. A. Bowles (produced by amateurs), March 13.

Wanted, an Heir, musical comedy, in one act, written by Malcolm Watson, music by Alfred J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac., April 2.

Mossoo in London, musical sketch, by Corney Grain, April 2.

The Honeymoon in Eclipse, founded on a story published in *The World*—"Ugly Barrington,"—by Mrs. Godfrey, arranged for the stage by Geo. Moore, April 12.

The Paper-Chase, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Charles Thomas (for copyright purposes), May 1.

The Scarlet Dye, drama, in three acts, by Julia M. Masters (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Brighton, February 15, 1887), reproduced May 25.

Les Scellés, comédie, en trois actes, par Julia M. Masters, May 25.

The Big Blue Bowl, Japanese fantasy, with music, in "one flutter," by Frank Castles, May 29.

Lela's Love Letters, comedietta, by John H. Soden and Alfred Ganthony, May 31.

Cupid Incog., operetta, written by Cornelius Van-der-Bilt, music by Martyn Van Lennep, June 12.

Cards of Invitation, musical and mimetic sketch of the season, by Corney Grain, June 25.

A Secret, comedietta, adapted from the French by Constance Beerbohm, June 26.

Wool-gathering, adapted from Kotzebue's *Die Zerstreuten* by A. Longridge (Kalisch), June 26

Caught Out, comedietta, adapted by Florence Bright from Pfahl's comedietta *Die Kunstreiterin*, July 17.

John Bull Abroad, musical satirical sketch, by Corney Grain, October 15.

Howard Howard, comedietta, by Alfred Arthur, November 10.

Home Chimes; or, The Home and Love of Yore, one-act piece, with songs, by Alfred Arthur, music by T. Normandale, November 10.

A Wedding Present, farce, by Alfred Arthur, November 10.

A Celebrated Case, piece, in one act, written for a dramatic cosaque, by Alfred Arthur, November 10.

Troubles, comedy, in one act, by B. W. Findon, November 22.

The Bo'sun's Mate, musical comedy, in one act, by Walter Browne, music by Alfred J. Caldicott, November 26.

ST. JAMES'S.

In the Old Time, play, in four acts, by Walter Frith, May 31.

The Dean's Daughter, play, in four acts, by Sydney Grundy and F. C. Phillips, from the latter's novel of the same name, October 13.

A Patron Saint, comedy, in one act, by Charles Thomas, suggested by "Le Chapeau de St. Catherine" of Edmond About, October 17.

Brantinghame Hall, drama, in four acts, by W. S. Gilbert, November 29.

SANGER'S.

Blue Beard, the Grand Bashaw, pantomime, by William Muskerry, December 26.

SAVOY.

Mrs. Jarramie's Genie, operetta, written by Frank Desprez, music by Alfred and François Cellier, February 14.

The Yeomen of the Guard; or, The Merryman and His Maid, written by W. S. Gilbert and composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, October 3.

SHAFTESBURY.

[This new theatre, situate in the Shaftesbury Avenue, was opened to the public on Saturday, October 20, 1888, with a revival of *As You Like It*, under the direction of Mr. John Lancaster.]

STANDARD.

Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum; or, Harlequin Jack the Giant Killer, pantomime, by John Douglass, lyrics by F. Marshall, December 24.

Macaire, romantic opera, in two acts, by George Fox (produced September 20, 1887, at the Crystal Palace), February 11.

The Lucky Shilling, drama, in five acts, by the authors of *The Dark Secret*, February 20.

A Woman's Vengeance, drama, in five acts, adapted from the French by Frank Harvey (first time in London), May 28.

STRAND.

Babette, comic opera, in three acts, libretto adapted from MM. Ordonneau and Verneuil's *La Grappe d'Amour*, music by Gustav Michiels, January 26.

Katti, the Family Help, domestic farce, in three acts, adapted by Charles S. Fawcett from Meilhac's *Gotte* (Palais-Royal, December 2, 1886), and originally produced at Princess's Theatre, Glasgow, September 30, 1887, February 25.
Through the Fire, comedietta, by W. Lestocq and Yorke Stephens, February 25.
Airey Annie, a travestie of *Ariane*, in four acts but one scene, by F. C. Burnand, April 4.
The Treasure, farcical play, in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, May 1.
Elsie's Rival, comedietta, by Mrs. William Greet, May 9.
The Love Story, play, in four acts, by Pierre Leclercq, May 23.
His Wives, farcical comedy, in three acts, by T. G. Warren, May 23.
The Paper-Chase, comedy, in three acts (first produced for copyright purposes on May 1, at St. George's Hall), by Charles Thomas, June 9.
Run Wild, domestic comedy, in three acts, by E. Coffin, June 30.
A Lesson to Landlords, rustic absurdity, in five acts, July 10.
Cycling, comedietta, by Albert Chevalier, July 11.
Kleptomania, farcical comedy in three acts, by Mark Melford (originally produced at the Portland Hall, Southsea, April 30, 1888, and first performed in London at a matinée on June 12, 1888, at the Strand), placed in the evening bill there September 15.
Atalanta, burlesque, by George P. Hawtrey, music arranged and composed by Arthur B. Dyer, November 17.
A Highland Legacy, play, in one act, by Brandon Thomas (first time at a London theatre), November 17.

SURREY.

Sindbad and the Little Old Man of the Sea, pantomime, by George Conquest and Henry Spry, December 24.
The Fugitive, drama, in four acts, by Tom Craven (originally produced at Alhambra Theatre, Barrow-in-Furness, August 1, 1887), June 4.
The World Against Her, drama, in five acts, by Frank Harvey (first produced at Theatre Royal, Preston, January 11, 1887), July 2.
Is Life Worth Living? drama, in four acts, by F. A. Scudamore (first produced at Prince's Theatre, Bristol, September 1, 1887), July 9.

TERRY'S.

The Woman Hater, farcical comedy, in three acts, by David Lloyd (produced for the first time in England at Theatre Royal, Newcastle, September 2), December 1.
The Wave of War, play, in four acts, by F. Chesterley and Hamilton Piffard, December 15.
A Shower of Blacks, by Arthur Shirley and E. Bucalossi, December 26.
Darby and Joan, piece, in one act, by Messrs. Bellingham and Best (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, September 11, 1885), February 11.
Sweet Lavender, domestic drama, in three acts, by A. W. Pinero, March 21.
Law and Physic, duologue, in one act, by W. Best, April 20.
The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy, play, in three acts, adapted by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett from her own novel "Little Lord Fauntleroy," May 14.
The Policeman, "farcical rally," in three acts, by Walter Helmore and Eden Phillpotts (first produced at Lyric Hall, Ealing, January 12, 1887), November 1.
Dream Faces, drama, in one act, by Wynn Miller (produced on October 18, 1888, at Sanger's Amphitheatre, Ramsgate), November 1.
The Balloon, farcical comedy, in three acts, by J. H. Darnley and George Manville Fenn, November 13.

TOOLE'S.

A Red Rag, comedietta, adapted from the French of Georges Ohnet by Justin Huntly M'Carthy, February 18.
The Don, comedy, in three acts, adapted from the German, written by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale, March 7.
The Paper-Chase, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Charles Thomas (produced for copyright purposes, May 1, at St. George's Hall, revived at a matinée at the Strand, June 9), placed in the evening bill July 9.
Pepita, comic opera, in three acts, libretto by MM. Chivot and Duru, adapted by "Mostyn Teddo" from *La Princesse des Canaries*; music by Charles Lecoq (produced originally in Paris at the Folies-Dramatiques, February 9, 1883; first performed in England at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, December 30, 1886), August 30.

VAUDEVILLE.

The Calthorpe Case, drama, in four acts, by Arthur Goodrich, December 14.
Proposals, farcical comedy, in three acts, by John Farquhar Gilmore, December 15.
My Boy, domestic comedy, in three acts, adapted by Gospodin A. Lubimoff from Adolph L'Arronge's "lebensbild" *Mein Leopold* (produced at Bournemouth, November 12, 1886, after a preliminary performance for copyright purposes at Ryde), January 5.
Fascination, improbable comedy, in three acts, by Robert Buchanan and Harriet Jay (produced at a matinée on October 6, 1887, at the Novelty), placed in the evening bill January 19

Joseph's Sweetheart, comedy, in five acts, founded on Fielding's novel, by Robert Buchanan, March 8.

A Crooked Mile, play, in three acts, by Clara Lemore (originally produced in the provinces), April 26.

The Brothers, play, in one act, by Henry Byatt (originally produced at the Vaudeville, March 10, 1887; revised and rewritten version given at the Olympic, February 20, 1888), placed in the evening bill May 28.

Handsome is that Handsome Does, comedy, in four acts, by C. J. Ribton-Turner, June 6.

Baby; or, A Slight Mistake, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Walton Hook (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Ipswich, June 4), June 7.

Another Matinée, comedietta, by F. Castris (originally produced at Ladbroke Hall, May 17, 1887), June 19.

The Queen of Fashion, drama, in a prologue and four acts, by Tom Cannam and J. F. Preston (produced at Oldham; first time in London, Sadler's Wells, March 19), reproduced June 21.

Conscience, society drama, in four acts, by Edward Litton, July 17.

SUNDRIES.

The Rockleys, drama, in four acts, by A. A. Hoffmann; Kilburn Town Hall, December 10.

In the Fashion, play, in five acts, by Selina Dolaro, produced for copyright purposes by members of Miss Anderson's Lyceum company; Ladbroke Hall, December 28.

The Vicar of Wakefield, drama, in three acts, adapted from Oliver Goldsmith's story, by William Farren, jun.; Ladbroke Hall, January 2.

Love's Secret, comedietta, by J. R. Brown; Ladbroke Hall, January 2.

Chatterton, tragedy, in one act, adapted from the French of Alfred de Vigny by Joseph Forster; Ladbroke Hall, January 23.

Alpine Tourists, comedietta; Ladbroke Hall, January 24.

Silver Veil, drama, in three acts, by A. Ivor Smith; Park Town Hall, Lavender Hill, February 6.

Our Friends, comedietta, in one act, by Mary Righton, Ladbrooke Hall, March 16.

A Narrow Escape, comedy-drama, in four acts (copyright performance), by J. A. Stevens, March 20.

For Himself Alone, comedy, in three acts, adapted from T. W. Speight's story of that name, by Holmes Kingston, Ladbrooke Hall, April 7.

The Widow's Cap, comedietta, by Arthur Chapman; Ladbroke Hall, April 7.

My Daughter, farce, by Arthur Chapman; Athenæum, Shepherd's Bush, April 9.

At Bay, drama, in prologue and four acts, by Charles Lander and Ina Leon Cassilis; Ladbroke Hall, April 9.

Forgery, three-act drama, by J. Carne Ross; Ladbroke Hall, April 10.

Under Fire, farce; May-street Schoolroom, West Kensington, April 16.

The Bookworm, drama, in one act, by Alec Nelson (Dr. Edward Aveling); Athenæum Hall, Tottenham-court Road, April 18.

In the Train, comedietta, adapted from *En Wagon* by Ernest Radford; Athenæum Hall, Tottenham-court Road, April 18.

Chiromancy, comedietta; Willis's Rooms, April 18.

Beside a Cradle, monologue, by Grace Latham; Willis's Rooms, April 18.

Tootsie, farce, by A. Houghton Townley; Park Hall, Camden Town, May 16.

Day Dreams, dramatic episode, in one act, by "May Hawthorn" (Mr. T. D. M'Cord); Park Hall, Camden Town, May 28.

The Banquet, farcical comedy, in three acts, by F. Freeth, B.A.; Kilburn Town Hall, May 26.

Lady Lovington, comedy, in one act, by George Villiars; Athenæum Hall, Tottenham-court Road, June 28.

The Worship of Plutus; or, Roses, play, by Alice Clevedon (for copyright purposes); Ladbroke Hall, July 6.

The Abduction of Bianca; or, The Brigand's Doom, absurdity, by W. Sapte, jun., and Cecil M. York; Silver Fête, Kensington, July 11.

With Hand and Heart, comedy, in one act, by Benjamin Landeck and Ernest E. Norris (outdoor performance); Fairseat, Highgate, July 21.

Reunited, play, in one act; Athenæum Hall, Tottenham-court Road, July 24.

The New Actress, drama, in one act, by Edwin Drew; Athenæum Hall, Tottenham-court Road, July 24.

Dick Drayton's Wife, comedy-drama, in one act, by Paul Maurice; Ladbroke Hall, July 21.

Ups and Downs; or, Blackley's Mistake, comedietta, by Charles Arden; Athenæum, Tottenham-court Road, July 25.

Chizzle's Choice, farce, by F. Hawley Francks and Mark Wood; Ladbroke Hall, July 28.

North and South, farce, by F. Hawley Francks; Ladbroke Hall, July 28.

A Legal Wreck, play, in four acts, by William Gillette (produced for copyright purposes); Ladbroke Hall, August 13.

The Witch's Boon, play, in prologue and three acts, by James W. Furrell (produced for copyright purposes); Ladbroke Hall, September 11.

Good Old Barnes of New York, burlesque, by Walter Burnot, of the story by Archibald Clavering Gunter (for copyright purposes); Ladbroke Hall, September 25.

Anonymous Letters, farce, by Frederic Jacques (produced by amateurs); Royal Park Hall, Camden Town, October 17.
Bric-à-Brac, comedietta, in one act, adapted from D'Hervilly's *La Soupière*, otherwise *Le Bibelot*, by Sir J. J. Coghill, Bart.; Ladbroke Hall, October 20.
The Plunger, sporting farcical comedy, by W. Sapte, jun., and E. Spencer (for copyright purposes); Ladbroke Hall, October 24.
Commodore Bouilli, comedy-opera, in three acts, by T. Murray Ford, music by Dr. John Storer; Bow and Bromley Institute, October 31.
Diogenes, comic opera, in German, by J. H. Bonawitz; Turn-halle, King's Cross, November 3.
The Radical; or, The Honour of the House, comedy-drama, in three acts, by Ernest Genet; Beaufort House, Walham Green, November 6.
The Matrimonial Agency, farce, by Charlotte E. Morland; Victoria Hall, Bayswater, November 15.

New Pieces

PRODUCED AT THE PROVINCIAL THEATRES,

FROM DECEMBER 1887 TO END OF NOVEMBER 1888.

Excelsior, drama, in prologue and two acts, by J. Ellias; Theatre Royal, Brentford, December 8.
The Schemer, emotional and sensational drama, in four acts, by Walter Stanhope (produced by amateurs); Theatre Royal, Margate, December 14.
The Understudy, comedietta, by G. H. R. Dabbs; Literary Institute, Shanklin, December 15.
The Contractor, comedy-drama, in three acts, by G. H. R. Dabbs; Literary Institute, Shanklin, December 15.
The Shadow of a Crime, drama, in four acts, by Edgar Ward; Queen's Theatre, Manchester, December 19.
I O U, comedy, in three acts, by George P. Hawtrey; Town Hall, Hove, December 20.
My Sin, comedy-drama, by J. Russell Bogue; Cambridge Theatre, Spennymoor, January 2.
The Double Marriage, play, in four acts, by the late Charles Reade, revised and in parts rewritten (originally produced under Mr. Alfred Wigan's management at the Queen's Theatre, London); Theatre Royal, Worcester, January 2.
Chalk and Cheese, comedietta, by Eille Norwood; Village Hall, Esher, January 6.
Lita, comedy, in three acts, adapted by A. G. Conway from Lord Lorne's novel of the same name; New Cross Hall, January 7.
The Love Philtre, drama, in one act, by Alec Nelson; Theatre Royal, Torquay, January 7.
Magna Charta; or, A Romance of Runnymede, English opera, in three acts, written by "M.A. Oxon," composed by Frederick Dean, Mus. Bac.; Athenæum, Lancaster, January 12.
Church and Stage, drama, in five acts, by Walter Reynolds; Theatre Royal, Wolverhampton, January 16.
Found, drama, in prologue and four acts, by Fred. Jul. Stein; Theatre Royal, Gateshead, January 16.
Crooked Paths, drama, in four acts, by Leonard Dawson; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Southampton, January 19.
Found Out, farcical comedy, in three acts, by James J. Hewson; St. George's Hall, Liverpool, January 20.
A Cure for Foolery, farce, by E. J. Jones and Harry Brashier; Victoria Hall, Walthamstow, January 21.
Hidden, comedy-drama, in prologue and three acts, by Byam Wyke; Mechanics' Institute, Stockport, January 21.
A Mad Passion, drama, in four acts, by Edward J. Lampard; Theatre Royal, Castleford, January 23.
Well Played; or, The Major's Dilemma, farce, by A. F. Knight; Assembly Rooms, Uxbridge, January 28.
The Colonel's Wife, drama, in prologue and four acts, by Bessie Reid and Lita Smith; Theatre Royal, Coventry, February 6.
Broken Links, drama, in four acts, by Henry Holmes (originally produced at the Richmond Theatre); Theatre Royal, Stratford, E., February 6.
Robert the Devil, new version in English of the opera by Meyerbeer; Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, February 8.

Adela, grand opera, in three acts, written and composed by J. H. Brown and T. L. Selby; Mechanics' Hall, Nottingham, February 8.

A Timely Moment, domestic play, in one act, by E. Andrews; Public Hall, Harrow, February 9.

Hearts of Gold, drama, in five acts, by Edward Darbey; Queen's Theatre, Keighley, February 13.

The Sergeant's Daughter, drama, in three acts, adapted from the French by Gilbert Massinger; Theatre Royal, Cheltenham, February 13.

Bootles' Baby, play, in four acts, adapted by Hugh Moss from John Strange Winter's story of the same name (produced for copyright purposes); Theatre Royal, Stratford, E., February 16.

Kismet, drama, in four acts, by J. Wilton Jones; Theatre Royal, Hull, February 20.

Lily, comedy-drama, in three acts, by H. A. Delille; Royal Opera House, Leicester, February 27.

A Month After Date, comedy-drama, in one act, by Silvanus Dauncey (privately represented by members of the Princess's Company at Highbury, October 15, 1885); Royal County Theatre, Reading, February 27.

A Handsome Apology, comedietta, by Andrew Longmuir; Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, March 2.

Conspiracy, drama, in five acts, by J. Beamul (J. B. Mulholland); Princess's Theatre, Glasgow, March 5.

The Golden Goblin, drama, in four acts, by Frank Marryat; Theatre Royal, Croydon, March 5.

Game, drama, in four acts, by "Richard Henry"; Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, March 9.

On the Verge, comedy-drama, in a prologue and three acts, by Edwin France and Fred. Dobell; Theatre Royal, Wolverhampton, March 10.

An adaptation of *Cocard et Bicoquet*, the three-act comedy-vaudeville, by MM. Boucheron and Raymond, produced at the Paris Renaissance on February 22, was played for copyright purposes at Leeds. The name of the piece has not transpired. March 10.

Streak o' Sunshine, a musical piece, in three acts, by Loftus Don, music by Geo. Le Brunn; Royal Aquarium, Great Yarmouth, March 12.

Cruel London, drama, in five acts, by Frank Harvey; Theatre Royal, Oldham, March 22.

Steeple Jack, domestic comedy, in one act, by T. Edgar Pemberton; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, March 23.

Madge, domestic drama, in four acts, by Frank Rodgers; Theatre Royal, Middlesbrough, March 24.

Prince Otto, comedy, in three acts, dramatised by T. B. Thalberg from Robert Louis Stevenson's novel of the same name; Spa Concert Room, Harrogate, March 24.

M.D., musical drama, in three acts, adapted from the German of Von Moser, by Harry Paulton and Mostyn Tedde; Theatre Royal, Doncaster, April 2.

The Golden Key, comedy-drama, in three acts, by Arthur Law; Royal Opera House, Leicester, April 2.

Gwynne's Oath, drama, in four acts, by Nelson Wheatcroft; Theatre Royal, Stratford, E., April 2.

Our Flossie, comedy, in one act, by W. F. Field; New Theatre, Addlestone, April 2.

Robert and Bertram; or, The Volatile Vagrants, farcical comedy, adapted from the German of Gustav Roeder, in four acts, by Lieut. S. G. Orton, R.A.; Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, April 2.

Follow the Drum, melodrama, in five acts, by Rass Challis; Opera House, Wakefield, April 2.

Wilful Murder, drama, in four acts, by John F. Preston; Theatre Royal, Woolwich, April 2.

The Rustic, comic opera, in two acts, by W. F. Hulley, libretto by A. E. Siedle; Prince of Wales's Drill Hall, Swansea, April 3.

The Spirit World, comedietta; Theatre Royal, Worcester, April 6.

Mistaken, one-act duologue, by W. F. Field; Public Rooms, Southall, April 9.

Sang Bleu, comedy, in three acts, by Major Yeldham; Theatre Royal, Ryde, April 10.

Popsy, comedietta, by Dr. Dabbs; Shanklin Institute, Isle of Wight, April 13.

Clare Cottage, play, in one act, adapted by Sam James, from *La Joie Fait Peur*; Theatre Royal, Margate, April 16.

The Thorneycroft Cousins, opera, in three acts, libretto and part of the music by Lieut.-Col. Thorneycroft, the remainder of the music by Andrani; Private Theatre, Tettenhall Towers, Wolverhampton, April 17.

Two Johnnies, farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted by F. Horner and Frank Wyatt from *Durand et Durand*, by MM. Albin Valabrègue and Maurice Ordonneau (Palais Royal, March 18, 1887); Opera House, Northampton, April 27.

The Haunted Glen, a burlesque conventionality, in two acts, by Harry Webber and Maidlow Davis; music by Arthur Mills; Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, April 27.

Kleptomania, farce, in three acts, by Mark Melford; Portland Hall, Southsea, April 30.

From the Vanished Past, drama, in four acts, by Florence Holton; Public Hall, Upton Park, April 30.

Simon Moneypenny, drama, in four acts, by James Gower; Town Hall, Linlithgow, May 3.

Limited Liability, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Angelo Thomas Naden; Theatre Royal, Stratford, E., May 4.

In for a Penny, farcical comedy, in two acts, by John Kennedy; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Southampton, May 5.

Good for Both, comedietta, by John Kennedy; Prince of Wales's, Southampton, May 5.

Rest at Last, comedy, in three acts, by Edgar T. Carpenter; Shawbury Hall, Dulwich, May 10.

A Sister's Vow, by Walter Stanhope; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, May 19.

A Merry Sell, operetta, by William Sallenger, music by B. J. Hancock; Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, May 21.

Only a Waif; or, The Lion and the Mouse, drama, in four acts, by Will Clement; Theatre Royal, Woolwich, May 28.

The Kidnapper, farcical comedy, in three acts, by H. Graham; Lecture Hall, Greenwich, May 29.

The Rustic, comic opera, libretto by A. E. Siedle, music by W. F. Hulley; Assembly Rooms, Neath, May 31.

For the Sake of a Name, society drama, in four acts, by Forester Pilmore and John Holland, founded on the novel "From Gloom to Sunlight"; Swiss Gardens Theatre, Shoreham, June 1.

Baby; or, A Slight Mistake, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Walton Hook; Theatre Royal, Ipswich, June 4.

Three Keys, drama, in four acts, by Harry Croft Hiller; St. James's Theatre, Manchester, June 7.

Found in Exile; or, News from Home, play, in five tableaux, founded on E. Phillips-Oppenheim's story "Expiation," by Elliot Galer (for copyright purposes); Royal Opera House, Leicester, June 11.

Oh! Those Babes; or, The Unhappy Uncle, the Virtuous Villains, and the Cheeky Children, burlesque, by Will Clements; Theatre Royal, Woolwich, June 18.

Light o' Day, comedy-drama, in four acts, by Brien M'Cullough; Gaiety, Burnley, June 18.

In the King's Name, romantic drama, in three acts (taken from Marryat's novel "The Poacher"), by Foster Courtenay; Theatre Royal, Eastbourne, June 18.

La Serenata, comic opera, libretto by Luke M'Hale, music by James Batchelder and Oliver Gaggs; Prince's Theatre, Manchester, June 18.

A Mean Advantage, comedietta, by Rudolph Dircks (adapted from the German *Einer muss heirathen*, which comedy has already been anglicised into *One of You Must Marry*), played by amateurs; Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, June 29.

In Charge, farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted from the German, by H. Cassel and H. C. Duckworth; Prince's Theatre, Bradford, June 29.

A Pair of Kids, musical absurdity, by J. J. Hewson; Comedy Theatre, Manchester, July 2.

No Escape, drama, by Richard Coleman Davies; Theatre Royal, Preston, July 2.

The Demon, Russian grand opera, by Anton Rubinstein (produced by Russian company); Comedy Theatre, Manchester, July 2.

Madam Midas, drama, in five acts, adapted by Philip Beck and Fergus Hume from the latter's novel of the same name (produced for copyright purposes); Theatre Royal, Stratford, E., July 7.

Life for the Czar, Russian national opera, by Michele Glinka (originally produced at St. Petersburg, November 27, 1836; Italianised version given at Covent Garden Royal Italian Opera, July 12, 1887), played and sung in its original language by a Russian company; Comedy Theatre, Manchester, July 9.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's story of the same name; Park Theatre, Merthyr, July 26.

Recalled to Life, a drama, in a prologue and four acts, by J. James Hewson (originally produced at Theatre Royal, West Bromwich, October 10, 1885), revised and altered version; Bijou Theatre, Swiss Gardens, Shoreham, July 28.

Uncle Josh, comedy-drama, in four acts, originally produced in America; Theatre Royal, Blackburn, July 30.

Hands Across the Sea, drama, in five acts, by Henry Pettitt; Theatre Royal, Manchester, July 30.

The Coroner, romantic drama, in a prologue and four acts, by J. W. Hemming and Cyril Harrison; Theatre Royal, Bath, August 4.

Randolph the Reckless, musical extravaganza, by Victor Stevens; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Salford, August 6.

The Money-Lender, melodrama, in five acts, by T. Murray Ford; Public Hall, Warrington, August 6.

A Weird Destiny, play, in a prologue and three acts, by Walter Stanhope; Theatre Royal, Margate, August 13.

Playmates, dramatic sketch (produced for copyright purposes); Theatre Royal, Stratford, E., August 13.

Venus and Adonis, comedietta, by Mark Melford; Theatre Royal, Wolverhampton, August 13.

Sir Alan's Wife, drama, in four acts, by Steele Mackaye (produced for copyright purposes); Town Hall, Herne Bay, August 17.

Mr. Potter of Texas, play, adapted from Archibald Clavering Gunter's novel of the same name, by Wilford Stephens; Adelphi, Liverpool, August 20.

Strollers; or, On the Road, drama, in four acts, by G. W. Glenny; Athenæum, Llanelly, August 27.

Mazeppa, Russian opera, libretto founded on the poem by Puschkine, music by Peter Tschaikowski (first time in England); Comedy Theatre, Manchester, August 27.

A Life's Debt, drama, in four acts, by J. F. Graham (performed for copyright purposes, November 17, 1887, Royalty Theatre, Chester); Victoria Opera House, Burnley, August 27.

Lady Jemima, domestic comedy, in three acts, by Noel Grant; Assembly Rooms, Whitstable, August 29.

White Stockings, comedietta, by G. W. Hannon; Theatre Royal, Stratford, E., August 31.

My Brother's Sister, musical comedy, in three acts (first time of performance since its production for copyright purposes at Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool); Prince's Theatre, Manchester, September 3.

Bob, comedy-drama, in three acts, by Fred Marsden (for the first time in England); Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, September 3.

Fair and Square, drama, in five acts, by Alexander B. Bell; Theatre Royal, Barnsley, September 7.

Coward Conscience, play, in four acts, by C. A. Byrne and Arthur Wallack; Royalty, Glasgow, September 10.

Arcadie, operetta, written by John Burton, composed by Francis Willoughby; Theatre Royal, Margate, September 17.

Manhood, domestic drama, by James J. Hewson; Gaiety Theatre, Burnley, September 20.

She, or, The Fire of Life, mystical play, in two parts, adapted by John F. Preston from H. Rider Haggard's novel of the same name; Theatre Royal, Woolwich, September 24.

Well Matched, comedietta, by Philip Havard; Comedy Theatre, Manchester, September 24.

The Weaker Sex, comedy, in three acts, by A. W. Pinero; Theatre Royal, Manchester, September 28.

Forward to the Front, military and naval spectacular drama, by George Fawcett Rowe; Theatre Royal, Norwich, October 1.

Scarlet Sins, drama, in four acts, by Charles Crozier and Percy Milton; Opera House, Wakefield, October 4.

The Binbian Mine, romantic drama, in three acts, adapted from Mrs. Campbell Praed's novel, "The Ladies' Gallery," by the authoress and Mr. Justin M'Carthy; Theatre Royal, Margate, October 6.

Gilded Love, extravaganza by Major Yeldham; Theatre Royal, Ryde, October 8.

Vanity Fair, drama, in seven tableaux, by Walter Reynolds (for copyright purposes); Theatre Royal, Bristol, October 10.

England and Glory, military drama, in four acts, by Stafford Grafton; Gaiety Theatre, Walsall, October 11.

The Silver Fortune, musical comedy-drama, in three acts, written by Wynn Miller and Philip Havard, music by E. Lawson; Sanger's Amphitheatre, Ramsgate, October 15.

Ma's Old Beau, comedietta; Theatre Royal, Leigh, October 16.

Dream Faces, play, in one act, by Wynn Miller (for copyright purposes); Sanger's Amphitheatre, Ramsgate, October 18.

Gentleman Jack, drama, in five acts, by Fredk. Mouillot; Theatre Royal, Stratford, October 19.

The Spectre of Shooter's Hill; or, The Broken Hot-cross Bun, operatic burlesque, written by W. Sallenger, music by B. J. Hancock, A.C.O.; Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, October 20.

Irish Life, play, in four acts, by Auguste Creamer; Theatre Royal, Lowestoft, October 22.

The Phantom, by Hal Collier-Edwards, suggested by Robert Louis Stevenson's story "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, October 22.

Valentine and Orson, burlesque, in one act and three tableaux, by Joseph Ellis; Theatre Royal, Brentford, November 1.

Reconciled; or, Good for Evil, domestic comedy, in one act, by Percy Gwynne and Cyril Harrison; Theatre Royal, Lincoln, November 3.

My Playmate, musical and romantic comedy-drama, written by Fred Evanson, music by Henry W. May; Theatre Royal, Seaham Harbour, November 8.

Winning a Wife, comedietta; Aquarium, Great Yarmouth, November 12.

Indiscretion, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Fergus Hume; Exhibition Palace, Folkestone, November 13.

Marjory Gilzean; or, The Life and Adventures of General Anderson, drama, in three acts, by James Gower; Town Hall, Elgin, November 16.

Our Court, operatic drametta, in one act, written by Edward Humphrey and John Addison, music by James Weaver; Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, November 17.

The Ebb and Flow, drama, in four acts, by W. F. Field; Theatre Royal, Brentford, November 19.

Is Marriage a Failure? farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted by Hal Collier-Edwards and F. H. Dudley, from the German piece *Harun Alraschid* (the original of *The Arabian Nights*); Theatre Royal, Woolwich, November 19.

Eve's Temptation, comedy-drama, in three acts, by the late E. C. Bertrand; Theatre Royal, Cheltenham, November 22.

A Domestic Mash, farce, by Tom Park; Theatre Royal, Cheltenham, November 22.

True Heart, drama, in prologue and three acts, by Henry Byatt; Theatre Royal, Leamington, November 23.

Two Friends, drama, in three acts, by Mrs. Campbell Praed and Justin M'Carthy, adapted from the former's novel "The Ladies' Gallery," and originally produced for copyright purposes, under the title *The Binbian Mine*, at the Theatre Royal, Margate, October 6, 1888; Prince's Theatre, Bristol, November 23.

Our Babies, musical comedy, in three acts, by W. E. Morton, music by G. D. Fox; Theatre Royal, Eastbourne, November 26.

New Pieces

PRODUCED AT THE PRINCIPAL PARIS THEATRES,

FROM DECEMBER, 1887, TO END OF NOVEMBER, 1888.

AMBIGU.

La Mission de Jeanne d'Arc, five-act drama, in verse, by the late Jullien Dallières, June 1.

La Forge de St. Clair, five-act drama, by M. Louis Figuier, June 8.

Roger la Honte, five-act drama, by MM. Jules Mary and Georges Grisier, September 28.

BOUFFES-PARISIENS.

Le Microbe, vaudeville, in three acts, by M. Maxime Vitrac, music by M. Georges Dufresne, December 9.

Mam'zelle Crénom, three-act operetta, words by MM. Adolphe Jaime and Georges Duval, music by M. Léon Vasseur, January 19.

Le Valet de Cœur, operetta, in three acts, by MM. Paul Ferrier and Charles Clairville, music by M. Raoul Pugno, April 19.

Oscarine, three-act operetta, words by MM. Charles Nuitter and Albert Guinon, music by M. Victor Roger, October 15.

CHÂTEAU-D'EAU.

Y a rien de fait, review, in twelve scenes, by MM. Frantz Beauvallet and Henri Arrault, December 30.

Gavroche, five-act drama, by M. Jules Dornay, February 3.

Fin de Siècle, piece, in four acts, by MM. Micard and de Jouvenot, April 17.

CHATELET.

Germinal, five-act drama, drawn from M. Zola's novel, by the author and M. William Busnach, April 21.

CLUNY.

Les Mariés de Mongiron, three-act farcical comedy, by M. Grenet-Dancourt, February 18.

Le Docteur Jojo, three-act vaudeville, by M. Albert Carré, March 16.

Un Piège, one-act comedy, by M. Maurice Varret, March 21.

La Petite Marnière, parody, in one act, by M. Alfred Delilia, April 18.

Le Gant Rouge, four-act vaudeville, by MM. Henry Lee and Edmond Rostand, August 24.

Les Fiancés de Loches, vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Georges Feydeau and Maurice Desvallières, September 27.

La Candidate, one-act vaudeville, by M. Desvallières, September 27.

Les Tripatouillages de l'Année, review, in ten scenes, by MM. Milher and Numès, November 20.

COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE.

La Nuit de Juin, à-propos, in prose and verse, by M. Maurice Le Corbeiller (77th anniversary of Alfred de Musset's birth), December 11.

Le Rire de Molière, à-propos, in verse, by M. Louis Tiercelin (266th anniversary of Molière's birth), January 15.

Le Flibustier, comedy, in three acts, in verse, by M. Jean Richepin, May 14.

Le Baiser, one-act comedy, in verse, by M. Théodore de Banville, May 14.

Pepa, three-act comedy, by MM. Henri Meilhac and Louis Ganderax, October 31.

DÉJAZET.

La Grenouille, comedy, in three acts, by MM. Maxime Boucheron and Georges Grisier, December 10.

Tous Pincés! farcical comedy, in three acts, by M. Pierre Raynaud, February 1.

Le Mari de ma Femme, farcical comedy, in three acts, by M. Paul d'Ivoi, March 10.

Spécialités pour Divorces, one-act comedy, by M. Kolbach, March 24.
L'Interview, one-act comedy, by M. André Gérard, April 12.
Les Manies de Monsieur Ledredon, comedy, in three acts, by M. Louis Figuier, April 26.
Le Baiser d'Yvonne, three-act vaudeville, by M. Eugène Medina, music by M. E. Domergue, June 7.
Les Fraises, one-act vaudeville, by MM. d'Anjou and Bouchet, June 7.
Chat en Poche, farcical comedy, in three acts, by M. Georges Feydeau, September 19.
La Garçonnière, three-act comedy, by M. Eugène Medina, October 22.

ÉDEN.

Rolla, three-act ballet, by Signor Manzotti, music by Signor Angeli, May 22.

FOLIES-DRAMATIQUES.

Paris-Cancans, review, in ten scenes, by MM. Henri Blondeau and Hector Monréal, December 31.
La Demoiselle de Belleville, piece, in three acts, drawn from Paul de Kock's novel, by MM. Nuitter and Beaumont, music by Millöcker, February 29.
Coquin de Printemps! three-act vaudeville, by MM. Adolphe Jaime and Georges Duval, with music by M. Fauchey, June 13.
La Petite Fronde, comic opera, in three acts, words by MM. Chivot and Duru, music by M. Edmond Audran, November 16.

GAÎTÉ.

Le Bossu, spectacular comic opera, in four acts, libretto drawn from Paul Féval's novel, by MM. Henri Bocage and Armand Liorat, music by M. Charles Grisart, March 19.
Le Dragon de la Reine, three-act comic opera, words by MM. Pierre Decourcelle and Frantz Beauvallet, music by M. Léopold de Wenzel, May 31.
Tartarin sur les Alpes, spectacular piece, in five acts, drawn from M. Alphonse Daudet's novel by MM. Charles de Courcy and Bocage, with music by M. Emile Pessard, November 17.

GYMNASE-DRAMATIQUE.

Le Rêve de ma Femme, one-act comedy, by M. Lafontaine, January 9.
Les Femmes Nerveuses, comedy, in three acts, by MM. Ernest Blum and Raoul Toché, September 20.
Le Collectionneur, one-act comedy, by MM. Blum and Toché, September 29.

LYRIQUE (CHATEAU-D'EAU).

Jocelyn, opera, in four acts, libretto drawn from Lamartine's poem, by MM. Armand Silvestre and Victor Capoul, music by M. Benjamin Godard, October 13.

MENUS-PLAISIRS.

Les Premières Armes de Louis XV., comic opera, in three acts, libretto by M. Albert Carré, music by Firmin Bernicat (*Les Beignets du Roi*), February 16.
Le Rêve, one-act comic opera, words by MM. Sénicane and Albert Gerès, music by M. Henri Cieutat, February 18.
La Belle Sophie, opera-bouffe, in three acts, words by MM. Paul Burani and Eugène Adenis, music by M. Edmond Missa, April 11.
L'Amour au Village, one-act comic opera, words by M. Albert Riondel, music by M. Emile Camys, June 21.
La Veillée des Noces, comic opera, in three acts, libretto by MM. Alexandre Bisson and Bureau-Jattiot, music by M. Frédéric Toulmouche, November 27.

NOUVEAUTÉS.

La Lycéenne, piece, in three acts, by M. Georges Feydeau, music by M. Gaston Serpette, December 23.
La Volière, three-act comic opera, words by MM. Nuitter and Beaumont, music by M. Charles Lecocq, February 11.
Le Puits qui parle, fantastic operetta, in three acts, words by MM. Beaumont and Burani, music by M. Audran, March 15.
Où est ma fille? three-act piece, by MM. Charles Lyaugé and Lagrenaudie, June 5.
Je me suis trompé! one-act vaudeville, by M. Lyaugé, June 5.
Mimi, three-act vaudeville, by MM. Hippolyte Raymond and Maxime Boucheron, October 17.

ODÉON.

Beaucoup de Bruit pour Rien, five-act comedy, in verse, drawn from Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, by M. Louis Legendre, December 8.
L'Oncle Anselme, one-act à-propos, in verse, by M. Georges Lefèvre (248th anniversary of Racine's birth), December 21.
Une Collaboration, one-act à-propos, in verse, by M. Albert Lambert (266th anniversary of Molière's birth), January 15.

Mademoiselle Dargens, three-act comedy, by M. Henri Amic, March 20.
L'Aveu, one-act drama, by Madame Sarah Bernhardt, March 27.
La Marchande de Sourires, Japanese drama, in five acts, by Madame Judith Gautier, with a prologue by M. Armand Silvestre, music by M. Benedictus, April 21.
Crime et Chatiment, five-act drama, drawn by MM. Paul Ginisty and Hugues Le Roux from one of Dostoïevsky's novels, with music by M. Henri Maréchal, September 15.

OPÉRA.

La Dame de Monsoreau, opera, in five acts, libretto by Auguste Maquet, music by M. Gaston Salvayre, January 30.

OPÉRA-COMIQUE.

Le Roi d' Ys, lyrical drama, in three acts, words by M. Edouard Blau, music by M. Edouard Lalo, May 7.
Le Baiser de Suzon, one-act comic opera, words by M. Pierre Barbier, music by M. Henri Bemberg, June 4.
Le Sommeil de Danton, five-act drama, in verse, by M. Clovis Hugues (exceptionally), August 8.

PALAIS-ROYAL.

Les Noces de Mdlle. Gamache, three-act vaudeville, by MM. Maurice Ordonneau and Hippolyte Raymond, February 28.
Doit et Avoir, three-act vaudeville, by M. Albin Valabrègue, April 4.
On le Dit, farcical comedy, in three acts, by MM. Emile de Najac and Charles Raymond, May 1.
La Clientèle, one-act comedy, by M. de Launay, May 24.
Les Joyeusetés de l' Année, review, in seven scenes, by M. Albert de Saint-Albin, September 7.
Le Bain de la Mariée, one-act comedy, by MM. Gabriel Astruc and Pierre Soulaine, September 7.
Le Parfum, three-act comedy, by MM. Blum and Toché, October 20.

PORTE-SAINT-MARTIN.

La Grande Marnière, five-act drama, by M. Georges Ohnet, April 3.

RENAISSANCE.

Hypnotisé! comedy-vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Emile de Najac and Albert Millaud, January 16.
Cocard et Bicoquet, farcical comedy, in three acts, by MM. Maxime Boucheron and Hippolyte Raymond, February 22.
Une Gaffe, farcical comedy, in three acts, by M. Fabrice Carré, May 5.
Ma Femme est Docteur, one-act farce, by M. Fabrice Carré, May 5.
Miette, comic opera, in three acts, libretto by M. Maurice Ordonneau, music by M. Edmond Audran, September 24.
La Gardeuse d' Oies, comic opera, in three acts, words by MM. Leterrier and Vanloo, music by M. Paul Lacome, October 26.

VARIÉTÉS.

Nos bons Jurés, three-act vaudeville, by MM. Paul Ferrier and Fabrice Carré, December 5.
Décoré, three-act comedy, by M. Henri Meilhac, January 27.
La Japonaise, comedy-vaudeville, in four acts, by MM. Emile de Najac and Albert Millaud, November 23.

VAUDEVILLE.

L'Affaire Clémenceau, piece, in five acts, drawn by M. Armand d'Artois from M. Alexandre Dumas' novel, December 20.
Les Surprises du Divorce, three-act comedy, by MM. Alexandre Bisson and Antony Mars, March 2.

A Safe Opinion.—Billy Dunn says Planché was a great character. During the many years he was treasurer of Drury Lane, I don't suppose he once witnessed a performance; but regularly after the curtain had fallen on a new piece, it mattered not of what description, he would let himself through with his pass-key from the front of the house, as if he had sat it out, and on being asked his opinion, invariably answered, after a long pause, and a proportionate pinch of snuff, "Wants cutting."

Where Was His Honour?—Henry Harris, for many years manager of Covent Garden Theatre, stood watching the performance of an actor, of the name of Faulkner, who had recently arrived from the provinces, and was making his appearance on metropolitan boards as "Octavio" in *The Mountaineers*. When Faulkner exclaimed in a deep guttural tone, "Oh! where is my honour now?" he replied, "I wish your honour was back at Newcastle again, with all my heart."

Theatrical, Musical, and Equestrian Obituary,

FROM DECEMBER, 1887, TO END OF NOVEMBER, 1888.

AKHURST, Herbert George, Actor, aged 38, February 4.
ALARD, Jean Delphin, Professor of the Violin at Paris Conservatoire, aged 72, Feb. —.
ANDERSON, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Frank Anderson of Hengler's, December 24.
ARONSON, Edward, of the Casino of New York, aged 29, August 14.
ASHLEY, Charles, Acting Manager, July 11.
ATKINSON, Mrs. Geo. Aytoun, mother of Geo. Aytoun, Comedian, February 4.
BACHE, Walter, Pianist, aged 45, March 27.
BAKER, Frederick (F. Federici), Singer and Actor at the Princess's, Melbourne, March 3.
BALL, Harry (William Henry Powles), Comic Singer, October 10.
BARNES, James, Clown, October 8.
BARRAUD, Mark H., Scenic Artist, aged 39, December 11.
BEHMANN, Edward, Theatrical Manager, aged 28, March 27.
BELL, C., husband of Miss Marie Loftus, Music-hall Singer, May 17.
BELMONT, Harry, Music-hall Artist, January 16.
BENBROOK, E. J., Business Manager, aged 43, May 10.
BENJAMIN, Herr Julius, Pianist, aged 60, March 23.
BENNER, William Jacob, Actor, aged 46, May 12.
BENNETTS, R. T., formerly of Gompertz's entertainment, &c., May 14.
BERRINGTON, Mrs. Mary, mother of the Majiltons. March 4.
BERTHELIER, M., French Actor and Vocalist, aged 58, October —.
BIGNELL, Robert Richard, Proprietor of the Trocadero, aged 76, July 17.
BLAND, Harry (Henry Clifford), Actor, son of the late Thomas Bland, March 6.
BODEN, Miss Rosa Augusta, Actress, aged 78, January 23.
BOLENO, Mrs., wife of H. G. Boleno, Manager of the Swiss Gardens, Shoreham, Oct. —.
BOUFFÉ, Mons., Parisian Actor, aged 87, October 27.
BOYER, Mrs. (Miss Percy Lorraine), American Actress, wife of W. P. Boyer, a. 29, May 27.
BRADIE, Pat, son of Pete Bradie, Comedian, aged 22, March 1.
BRADLEY, Michael J., American Comedian and Dancer, aged 29, April 2.
BRANT, Luke, American Vaudeville Artist, aged 35, September 20.
BRIDGES, Gertrude Agnes, wife of Charles Wincott (Avolo), aged 41, October 13.
BROUSIL, Herr Alois, Musical Director and Violinist, aged 42, October 19.
BUDD, Jake, American Actor, October 11.
BULLOCK, Mrs. Phœbe, mother of Miss Lizzie Villiers, February 3.
BURT, J. Norman, father of Norman V. Norman, April 11.
BUTLER, Benjamin H., American Theatrical Manager, aged 41, October 3.
BUTTERLY, John Thomas (Johnny Burley), Clown and Comedian, aged 32, Nov. 29.
CALLCOTT, Albert, Scenic Artist, aged 53, November 10.
CALVO, Raphael, Spanish Actor, aged 44, September —.
CALTHROP, John Alfred (John Clayton), Actor, aged 44, February 27.
CAMPBELL, Bartley, American Dramatist, aged 44, July 30.
CASIMIR, Madame, late Vocalist of the Opéra Comique, Paris, aged 85, Oct. —.
CASTANET, M., Gymnast, having fallen from a tight-rope while displaying fireworks, Sept.
CAVENDISH, Harry, Music-hall Artist, April —.
CHALET, William, Manager of Pittsburg Theatre, Philadelphia, aged 38, February 22.
CHANTRELL, Miss Annie, October 29.
CHAPMAN, Harry, Showman, father of Mrs. G. Sanger, aged 84, January 3.
CHAPPELL, William, Founder of the Musical Antiquarian Society, aged 78, August 20.
CHARLTON, Harry, Circus Artist, aged 25, September 28.
CHIESI, Mrs. Amy, wife of Arthur Chiesi, Acrobat, February 12.
CHIPPENDALE, Mrs. (Miss Snowdon), Actress, widow of W. H. Chippendale, May 26.
CHIPPENDALE, William Henry, Actor, aged 86, January 3.
CHUTE, George Macready, Theatrical Manager, aged 37, August 13.
CLARKE, Mrs. Asa Booth, wife of John S. Clarke, and daughter of Booth, aged 50, May 16.
COGHLAN, Lewis, Actor, aged 30, October 30.
COLE, Mdme. Blanche, Opera Singer, August 30.
COLLARD, Henry, Vocalist ("Pocket Sims Reeves"), April 13.
COLLETT, John, Actor, aged 77, May 28.
CONNELLY, Mrs. Fanny, wife of Michael Connelly, Musical Director Princess's, July 15.

CONROY, Miss Constance, Actress, aged 25, November 2.
CONWAY, Neal, American Acrobat, aged 36, February 4.
COOTE, Robert, Musical Composer, aged 54, March 19.
CORRI, Henry, Operatic Vocalist, aged 64, February 28.
COSTA, Carlo, Teacher of Harmony and Composition, aged 62, February —.
COSTELLO, Joseph, Musical Director, aged 56, March 1.
COURTNEY, James J., proprietor of Harp Theatre, Limerick, aged 43, January 4.
CRESWICK, William, Tragedian, aged 74, June 17.
CUTHBERT, Henry John, Scenic Artist, aged 78, May 23.
DAIGLEMONT, Monsieur, Manager of Déjazet Theatre, Paris, aged 72, November —.
DALTON, Mrs. (Miss Sally Holman), Amer. Opera-bouffe Artist, wife of Jas. T. Dalton, June 8.
DAVIDGE, William Pleater, Actor, aged 74, August 6.
DAY, John, Menagerie Proprietor, January 9.
DAY, Philip, Actor, aged 42, December —.
DEANI, Herr, Contortionist, aged 60, April 2.
DELORME, Mdlle. Jeanne, Parisian Actress, November —.
DIAMOND, Frank, of the Mohawk Minstrels, September 9.
DILLON, Mrs. Chas. (Clara Conquest), Actress, widow of Chas Dillon, Tragedian, 62, July 3.
DIXON, J. L., Negro Comedian, aged 47, August 20.
DREW, Miss Adine, American Actress, February 4.
DUVAL, Heaton, Ventriloquist, July 18.
DWYER, James, aged 60, July 12.
EATON, Thomas Davis (Val Vose), Ventriloquist, December 27.
EDWARDS, Mrs. Geo. (Miss Julia Drake), Actress, aged 32, November 17.
ELLA, Professor John, Founder of the Musical Union, aged 85, October —.
ELLIOTT, Madame, wife of James Grovini, Clown, October 8.
ENGEL, Mrs. Josephine, wife of Leo Engel, aged 31, July 6.
EVANS, Mrs. Susan, wife of Professor Evans, January 15.
FANCELLI, Giuseppe, Opera Singer, aged 53, January —.
FANNIN, Paddy, Comic Vocalist, aged 48, August 6.
FECHTER, Paul, son of Charles Fechter, Actor, May 29.
FEENEY, Mrs. Emma, wife of Patrick Feeney, Irish Comedian, Feb. 14.
FERRANI, Frederick, Operatic Vocalist, November 16.
FITZROY, F. R., Actor, August 11.
FLANAGAN, Charles (Charles Knowles), Euphonium Player, aged 65, December 7.
FLAWS, Mrs. Mary, mother of Alexander Family and of Mrs. Arthur Greasley, a. 60, Feb. 15.
FOGERTY, Mrs., widow of Joseph Fogerty, late proprietor of T.R. Limerick, June 2.
FOLLOWS, John, of Lyceum Theatre, Stafford, November 7.
FORSTER, Robert, formerly Theatrical Manager, aged 64, July 26.
FOSBERG, Harold, American Actor, May 8.
FOX, Charles, Music-hall Artist, March 12.
FRANCIS, Mrs., wife of Wm. Francis of the Mohawk Minstrels, March 22.
FREDERICK, James, father of Douglas Munro, November 8.
FULLERTON, William, Musical Composer, August 25.
GARRETT, Wm. H., Actor and Manager, aged 49, November 30.
GECKS, Herr, formerly Bandmaster, Welsh Fusiliers, June 9.
GIBSON, James Rhind, Actor, aged 45, December 23.
GILLETTE, Mrs., wife of William Gillette, Dramatist, September —.
GINNETT, William, late Circus Proprietor, aged 49, July 22.
GONDINET, Edmund, Parisian Dramatist, aged 60, November —.
GORDON, Walter Lewis, Pianist, October —.
GREASLEY, Mrs. Emily, wife of T. G. Greasley, aged 25, September —.
GREEY, E., Dramatist, formerly Manager of Brooklyn Theatre, aged 52, October 1.
GRIFFITHS, George H., Actor, aged 65, April 10.
HAGAN, John, late Music-hall Proprietor, aged 28, December 12.
HANDFORD, Henry, father of Long Handford, aged 64, July 4.
HANNAH, Mrs. Rose Ann, mother of Hennes and Hannah, December 27.
HARCOURT, Mrs. M., wife of George Harcourt, Scenic Artist, aged 31, October 21.
HARE, Reginald, late Acting Manager, Theatre Royal, Dundee, February 17.
HARMAN, W., Music-hall Artist, March 7.
HARWOOD, Miss (Ross Neil), Dramatist, June —.
HAYWARD, Mrs. E., sister of Kate Paradise, aged 26, October 18.
HEADLAND, T., formerly Private Secretary to the late Charles Dickens, aged 82, Jan. —.
HELLER, Stephen, Pianist and Composer, aged 72, January 14.

HENGLER, Thomas M., American Actor, August 22.
HERNE, John F., American Actor, aged 41, July 24.
HICKS, Cecil, Pianist, brother of the late N. T. Hicks, January 19.
HILL, William J. (actually William Hill Jones), Comedian, aged 54, April 13.
HILTON, Miss Hilda, Actress, aged 35, June 13.
HODGSON, John, father of A. R. Hodgson, aged 71, April 15.
HORTON, George, Professor of Music, aged 66, March 20.
HOWSON, John, American Comedian, December 16.
HUGHES, R. (Bobby Newcomb), American Stage Dancer and Singer, June 1.
JACK, Walter C., American Actor, aged 27, September 1.
JAMES, Charles James, Scenic Artist, and Lessee of Queen's Theatre, aged 83, October 2.
KENNEDY, Miss, Actress, August 8.
KESSLER, Ferdinand Mozart, Musical Conductor, T.R. Brighton, aged 38, April 4.
KNOWLES, Mrs. E. M. A. M., widow of James Sheridan Knowles, Dramatist, 80, May.
KOHLER, Charles, American Actor, aged 39, May 18.
KOTTAUN, Mrs. M. M., widow of Thomas Kottaun, October 25.
LABICHE, Eugène, Parisian Dramatist, aged 73, January —.
LA FORREST, Mrs. Sophia, American Actress, aged 76, April 9.
LAMB, Henry, late of Pantheon Music-hall, aged 77, November —.
LANDROL, Actor of the Gymnase, Paris, aged 60, August —.
LAWSON, Ennis, Actor, aged 52, July 22.
LEAK, Thomas (Tom French), Pantomimist, aged 25, September 21.
LE BRETON, Very Rev. William Corbet, father of Mrs. Langtry, Actress, aged 73, Feb. 28.
LEMONT, Master John, American Acrobat, July 26.
LEOPOLD, William, late of the Leopold Troupe, September —.
LICKFOLD, James, Actor, father of Charles Warner, Oct. —.
LINDON, Tom, Song Writer, April 27.
LITTLETON, Henry (Novello and Co.), music publisher, aged 65, May 11.
LOCK, J. H., Theatrical and Musical Agent, June —.
LOVEDAY, George, Acting Manager to Mr. Toole, aged 54, December 21.
LUGUET, Henri, Parisian Actor and Dramatist, aged 66, September —.
M'CARTHY, John, Circus Rider, killed driving a Chariot at the Italian Exhibition, Sept. 6.
M'CULLOUGH, Mrs. Letitia, widow of John M'Cullough, American Tragedian, Jan. 22.
M'DONALD, John G., American Comedian, February 16.
M'DOWELL, Joseph, Comic Vocalist, aged 44, November 1.
MAGINLEY, Benjamin R., American Actor, aged 51, June 23.
MAGUET, Auguste, Dramatist and Collaborator with the elder Dumas, aged 75, Jan. 9.
MARRIOTT, Frank, Proprietor of Marriott's Royal Minstrels, aged 42, August 22.
MASON, David, Tenor Trombone Player, aged 74, November 9.
MATTHEWS, Theodore, of "The Matthews Family," aged 32, June 28.
MAYNARD, Ambrose (William Hill), Musical Agent, aged 66, October 3.
MILNER, Alfred, late Music-hall Proprietor, aged 63, December —.
MITCHELL, J. F., Song Writer, November 12.
MONSELET, Charles, Parisian Dramatist, aged 63, May —.
MONTAGUE, H., of the Wilson and Montague Minstrel Troupe, February —.
MORALT, Pierre Paul, late Conductor of King's Opera House, Munich, 76, Feb. 13.
MORETON, J. C., of the Phantoscopic Entertainment, May 13.
MORGAN, William A., American Opera Singer, aged 33, August 10.
MULLETT, C., Waxwork Proprietor, aged 46, November 4.
MURPHY, Mrs. Mary, mother of John A. Murphy, Comedian, December 26.
MUSGRAVE, Frank, Musical Composer and Conductor, aged 54, May 11.
NANTON, Mrs. (Miss Pauline Burette), Actress, widow of Lewis Nanton, June 5.
NAYLOR, William, Stage Manager, &c., aged 76, September 6.
NUMA, Charles, Parisian Comedian, aged 38, May —.
ODDY, George, "Aerial Flight" performer, from a fall on the previous night, a. 15, Nov. 11.
ORGAN, Harriet, wife of Selim Bridges, Circus Artist, February 7.
OSBORNE, Fred., late of Hague's Minstrels, aged 35, November 11.
PACHECO, Coello y, Spanish Dramatist, May —.
PAGE, James Augustus (Sydney Hayes), Actor, aged 30, February 18.
PAGET, Lord Alfred, President of the Junior Garrick Club, aged 72, August 24.
PARKER, Mrs. Clementina, Actress, aged 85, February —.
PARRY, Sefton Henry, Proprietor of Holborn, Globe. Avenue theatres, aged 55, Dec. 18.
PECKOVER, J. W., Proprietor of Oddfellows' Music Hall, Keighley, July 10.
PHILLIPS, Alfred S., Comedian, aged 34, April 27.

PIERCE, Mrs. H., late T.R. Brentford, aged 31, February 18.
PIERCE, Mrs. Jane, wife of J. H. Pierce, Music-hall Artist, March 6.
POLAK, Mrs. Jeanie Gertrude, sister of Miss Maude Branscombe, Actress, Sept. 28.
POLUSKI, Miss (Young Brilliant), daughter of Joe Poluski, March 21.
POTTS, William J., American Manager, aged 36, February 15.
POWELL, William H., Circus Manager, of Hengler's, aged 47, May 3.
PRIDEAUX, James, Musician, aged 44, December 5.
PROCTOR, Robert, Circus Proprietor, aged 56, June 19.
QUICK, Charles E., Actor, October 9.
RAINFORTH, John, Actor, aged 28, June —.
RANDALL, Mrs., wife of W. Randall, Music-hall Vocalist, June —.
RAYMOND, Alfred G., nephew of the late J. F. Young, Actor, aged 36, June 18.
REED, Thomas German (founder of German-Reed Entertainment), aged 70, March 21.
RICHARD, Chas., formerly Tenor, Grand Opera, Paris, February —.
RICORDI, Tito, Music Publisher of Milan, aged 77, September —.
RIGNOLD, Mrs. Patience Blaxland, Actress, mother of Wm. & G. Rignold, a. 88, May 23.
ROBERTS, Robert (Little Bob), late of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, October 13.
ROBERTS, William, Acting Manager, October 17.
ROBINSON, John, American Showman, aged 82, August 4.
ST. MAUR, John, Theatrical Manager, aged 40, August 14.
SANTLEY, H. R., Advance Agent, April 29.
SEEBOHM, E. V., Dramatist, September 11.
SEGUIN, Mrs. Anne, Opera Singer, widow of Edward Seguin, aged 74, August 24.
SENET, Théophile, French Composer, aged 61, April —.
SHERAR, John (Sam Honey), January —.
SILBURNE, Edward, Actor, aged 48, February 12.
SPARROW, Frank, American Actor, aged 42, Nov. —
SMITH, Christopher John, Pantomimist, aged 80, October 22.
STAUNTON, Bernard, aged 31, January 16.
STEELE, Richard, known as Albert, Actor and Music-hall Singer, aged 51, December 8.
STEELE, Mrs. R. P., April 28.
STEPAN, Carl, Opera Singer, December 29.
STEPHENS, William Henry, Actor, October 7.
STEVENS, Sydney, brother of Victor Stevens, May 30.
STOODLEY, Charles, Equestrian, April 6.
STROUD, Henry Charles (Chaplin Henry), Vocalist, aged 61.
STRUGNELL, W. J., Double Bass Player, January —.
SUMMERS, Peter (Rosbif), aged 47, January 21.
SUMMERVILLE, Hamilton S. (James H. Drew), Negro Minstrel, September 9.
SUTHERD, Mrs., wife of Arthur Sutherd, Vocalist, June 16.
SVENDSEN, Olaf, Flautist Professor R.A.M., aged 56, May —.
SWANBOROUGH, Mrs. Fanny (Miss Fanny Hughes), Actress, aged 45, January 12.
SWIFT, Joseph, aged 37, March 15.
TANNETT, Mrs. A., wife of Charles S. Tannett, Actor, aged 38, August 1.
TAYLOR, Samuel, aged 42, October 31.
TEMPLETON, Stage Manager, Princess's Music Hall, Leeds, September 25.
TENNYCK, Egbert Fairchild (Tom F. Egbert), American Actor, aged 50, June 21.
THORNTON, L. M. (author of "The Postman's Knock"), May 8.
TIBBITTS, Mrs., mother of the Sisters Tibbitts, November 9.
TISDALE, Benjamin, aged 61, April 25.
TOOLE, Miss Florence Mabel, daughter of John L. Toole, aged 22, November 5.
TOWNSEND, John Frederick Music-hall Artist, March 26.
TRANSFIELD, Captain, father of the "Transfield Family," December 30.
TRENT, Miss Edie, Dancer, June 18.
TURNER, Mrs. Helena (Hélène Crosmond), Operatic Vocalist, aged 35, April 26.
ULRICO, Pietro, Musician, aged 40, February 22.
VANDEGRIFT, B. F., Aëronaut, drowned, upon his parachute descent, November 23.
VANDENHOFF, Henry, Actor, October —.
VOKES, Frederick Mortimer, Actor, aged 42, June 3.
WADE, Mrs., mother of Miss Florence Wade, Actress, September 27.
WAINWRIGHT, Mrs. Jane, wife of John Wainwright, October 4.
WALLACK, Lester, American Actor and Manager, aged 69, September 6.
WALMISLEY, Blanche, Actress, wife of Frank Williams, November 28.
WALTON, Mrs. Sarah Ann, wife of J. K. Walton, aged 37, March 14.

WARDE, George Henry (Harry Lemmon), Actor, April 28.
WARDELL, Miss Chrystabel Eliz. (Chrissy Levens), Music-hall Artist, aged 16, Oct. 2.
WARDHAUGH, Mathew, Author & Actor, twice Mayor of Longton, aged 75, March —.
WAREING, Robert, proprietor of Hoboken Theatre, New Jersey, aged 39, March 29.
WARREN, William, American Comedian, aged 75, September 21.
WEST, William, Actor and Song Writer, aged 93, January —.
WHEELER, Mrs. Anna, wife of Andrew C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle), Dramatic Critic, Aug. 13.
WHITELEY, John Allen, Equestrian Artist, aged 45, April 13.
WHITTAKER, Wm. H. B., American Theatrical Manager, aged 50, March 19.
WILLIAMS, Thomas H., American Circus Performer, October 11.
WILLISON, James, Music-hall Vocalist, April —.
WILSON, Mrs., wife of Harry Wilson, Negro Comedian, December 1.
WILTON, Mrs. Kate, wife of Frank Wilton, aged 27, June 15.
WIEN, William, Vicar Choral of St. Paul's, aged 60, June —.
WOODIN, William Samuel, Entertainer, aged 62, January 1.
WRIGHT, Miss Nelly, Actress, wife of Alfred Baker, aged 26, October 8.
WRIGHT, Mrs. Rose Olivia, widow of Edward Wright, Comedian, aged 61, August 25.
WYNDHAM, Arthur, Dramatic Sketch Artist, aged 47, June 1.
YOUNG, Daniel, of Poole's Myriorama Company, November 17.

A SEASON OMITTED.—Meeting a friend one day, when the weather had taken a most sudden and unaccountable turn from cold to warmth, the subject was mooted as usual, and characterised by the gentleman as being "most extraordinary." "Yes," replied Compton, "it is a most unheard-of thing; we've jumped from winter into summer without a spring."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—"Madam, you are growing more beautiful every day,' gallantly said a gentleman to an actress now past her prime. "Every day! Oh, sir!" protested the very vain and aged party, "you flatter me!" "Well," gallantly and accommodatingly replied he, "let's say every other day."

A MOTHERLY REQUEST.—The ladies' dressing-room at a Paris theatre became every evening so crowded with the number of old women in attendance on the actresses, that the manager found himself compelled to post up a notice in the room to the following effect: "The ladies forming part of the company of this theatre are strictly forbidden to bring more than one mother with them at a time."

THE FIDDLER AND THE CABMAN.—One day, when in Florence, Paganini jumped into a cab and gave orders to be driven to the theatre. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of "Moïse" on a single string. "How much?" he inquired of the driver. "For you," said the man, who had recognised the great violinist, "the fare is ten francs." "Ten francs! You are jesting." "No. You charge as much for a place at your concert." Paganini was silent for a minute, and then, with a complacent glance at the rather too witty cabman, he said, handing him a liberal fare, "I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel."

NOT MARRIED.—Mrs. Powell (then Mrs. Renaud), a beautiful woman, an actress of the old school, succeeded Mrs. Siddons in many of her characters. She was anxious to conceal her second marriage, not from any unworthy motive, but for private family reasons. An actress in the Covent Garden Company, who bore by courtesy the name of one of the performers, had become acquainted with the fact, and maliciously addressed her one night in the green room, before a numerous assemblage of actors and visitors, thus: "Mrs. Powell, everybody says you are married." "Indeed!" retorted Mrs. Renaud, coldly; "everybody says you are not."

AN UGLY VOCALIST.—Marianna Barbieri-Nina, who has lately died in Florence, enjoyed the highest reputation between thirty and forty years ago as an operatic singer, and was as remarkable for exceptional ugliness as for her artistic talent and splendid voice. She used herself to relate, with a certain piquant gusto, that once when playing "Norma," in the famous duet where the two children are presented to the heroine by "Adalgisa," as she bent to embrace them, the little girl who personated one of the children was so terrified by her ugliness, that she sprang from the stage into the wings, exclaiming: "Mother, mother, the witch is there!" to the intense amusement of the audience.

COMPTON AND THE AMATEUR.—Compton had a wholesome dread of amateur actors, and on one occasion, when an egotistical young man button-holed him to descant on acting, he administered an unmistakable reproof to the presumptuous one. "I am anxious to become a professional now," said the young man, "for I always get splendid notices, and all my friends think I should make a great hit." "What line," inquired Compton. "Well," smiled the youth, "I play all the funny parts, but I don't succeed in making my audience laugh heartily. I want to make them scream, as you do—to make the house ring again with laughter, in fact." "Ah," drily responded Compton, "change your line of character a bit; try Hamlet, and let me know how you succeed."

THEATRES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

ABERDEEN—Her Majesty's, W. McFarland.
ACCRINGTON—Prince's, J. B. Ormerod.
ALDERSHOT—Theatre Royal, C. Sounes.
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE—Opera House, Revill and Son.
AYR—Corn Exchange, H. Nimmo.
BARNSLEY—Royal, G. Horne.
Public Hall, O. de Mirimonde.
BARROW-IN-FURNESS—Alhambra, Mrs. Atkinson.
BATH—Royal, William Lewis.
BEDFORD—Corn Exchange, Corporation.
BELFAST—Royal, J. F. Warden.
BIRKENHEAD—Royal, B. Stanhope and J. Vowles.
BIRMINGHAM—Royal, M. H. Simpson.
Prince of Wales's, J. Rodgers and Son.
Grand Theatre, A. Melville.
BISHOP AUCKLAND—Royal, R. and J. Addison.
BLACKBURN—Royal, W. C. Beattie.
Prince's, Mr. A. Horner.
BLACKPOOL—Winter Gardens, W. Holland.
BLYTH—Royal, R. Fynes.
BOLTON—Royal, J. F. Elliston.
BOURNEMOUTH—New Town Hall.
BRADFORD—Royal, John Hart.
Prince's Theatre, H. Pullan.
BRENTFORD Theatre, J. Ellis.
BRIGHTON—Royal, Mrs. H. Nye Chart.
BRISTOL—Prince's Theatre, J. Chute.
Royal, A. Melville.
BURNLEY—Royal, J. Gillespie.
Gaiety Theatre, T. Culcen.
Victoria Opera House, W. C. Horner.
BURTON-ON-TRENT—Royal.
BURY (Lancashire)—Opera House, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Purcell.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS—Theatre Royal, J. C. Roberts.
Athenæum Hall, T. Stephens.
CAMBRIDGE—Theatre Royal, W. B. Redfarn.
CARDIFF—Royal, E. Fletcher.
Grand Theatre, W. and E. John.
CARLISLE—Her Majesty's, Thos. Elsworth.
CASTLEFORD—Theatre Royal, Henry Rutland.
CHELTENHAM—Royal, Maisey and Shenton.
Winter Garden, H. A. & R. J. Webb.
CHESTER—New Royalty, J. W. Carter.
COATBRIDGE—Theatre Royal, J. Tully.
COLCHESTER—Royal, Nunn and D. Vale.
CONSETT—Royal, R. J. Brodie.
CORK—Opera House, Company.
COVENTRY—Royal, W. Bennett.
CRADLEY HEATH—Britannia Theatre, J. W. Snape.
CREWE—New Lyceum Company.
CROYDON—Royal, Roberts, Archer, and Bartlett.
CUPAR FIFE, N.B.—Union Hall, Messrs. Innes.
DARLINGTON—Theatre Royal, Mrs. Jennings.
DARWEN—Royal, J. F. Elliston.
DERBY—Grand Theatre, A. Melville.
DEWSBURY—Royal, Graham & Atkinson.
DONCASTER—Royal, H. S. Dacre.
DOUGLAS—New Grand, A. Hemming.
DUBLIN—Gaiety, M. Gunn.
Queen's, E. Jones.
Leinster Hall, M. Gunn.
DUDLEY—Public Hall, Geo. E. Taylor.
DUNDEE—Her Majesty's, W. McFarland.
DURHAM—Royal Albany, J. Holiday.
EALING—Lyric Hall, E. Stephens.
EASTBOURNE—Royal, Mr. Burton Green.
EDINBURGH—Lyceum, Howard & Wyndham.
Albert Hall, W. A. Davis.
Royal, H. C. Beryl and W. Hatton.
EXMOUTH—Public Hall, Company.
FOLKESTONE—Pier Theatre, Geo. B. Trent.
GAINSBOROUGH—Royal Albert, J. R. Fox.
GLASGOW—Grand, H. C. Beryl.
Princess's, R. Waldon.
Royalty, Howard and Wyndham.
Theatre Royal, Howard and Wyndham.
GLOUCESTER—Royal Albert, Machin and Bennett.
GOOLE—Royal, C. Bromley.
GREAT YARMOUTH—Royal, J. W. Nightingale.
Aquarium, J. W. Nightingale.
GREENOCK—Royal, Alexr. Wright.
GREENWICH—New Prince of Wales's Theatre, W. Morton.
GRIMSBY—Prince of Wales's, H. J. Curry.
HALIFAX—New Grand, A. Grimmett.
Royal, C. F. Rawlings.
HANLEY—Royal, J. H. Elphinstone.
HARTLEPOOL (West)—Royal, Kirtley & Ball.
Gaiety, C. Stein.
HASTINGS—Gaiety, Company.
HEREFORD—Drill Hall.
Cambrian Theatre, Messrs. Manges.
HETTON LE HOLE—Standard, John Watson.
Royal, Thomas Graham.
HUDDERSFIELD—Royal, R. Flanagan.
HULL—Royal, A. Cuthbert.
HYDE—Royal, T. Russell.
IPSWICH—Royal, Eyre and Gower.
JARROW-ON-TYNE—Royal, H. Robertson.
JERSEY—Royal, Wybert Rousby.
KEIGHLEY—Queen's, E. Darbey.
KING'S LYNN—Theatre Royal, Robt. Wardle.
KIRKCALDY—Grand, George Clark.
LANCASTER—Athenæum, R. Edgar.
LEAMINGTON—Royal, A. B. Cunnew.
LEEDS—The Grand, Wilson Barrett.
Royal, J. Hobson.

LEICESTER—Royal, W. Revill.
Royal Opera House, J. A. Winstanley.
LICHFIELD—St. James's Hall, H. Larkin.
LIMERICK—Royal, R. Fogerty.
LINCOLN—Royal, Roberts, Archer, and Bartlett.
LIVERPOOL—Adelphi, B. Stuart.
Alexandra, R. Mansell.
Court, Carl Rosa Company (Ltd.).
Rotunda, Company.
Prince of Wales's, Miss Fanny Josephs.
Shakespeare Theatre, E. Brammall, Jr.
LONDON—Adelphi, A. and S. Gatti.
Astley's, G. Sanger.
Avenue, H. Watkin.
Britannia, Mrs. S. Lane.
Criterion, Chas. Wyndham.
Comedy, C. H. Hawtrey.
Court, W. J. Lancaster.
Covent Garden, Freeman Thomas.
Drury Lane, Augustus Harris.
Elephant and Castle, W. Burton Green.
Gaiety, Geo. Edwardes.
Globe, Mr. J. Lart.
Grand, C. Wilmot.
Haymarket, H. Beerbohm Tree.
Her Majesty's.
Jodrell, Mrs. Churchill Jodrell.
Lyceum, Henry Irving.
Lyric, H. J. Leslie.
Marylebone, H. Gascoigne.
Olympic.
Opera Comique, F. J. Harris.
Pavilion, Morris Abrahams.
Prince of Wales's, H. Sedger.
Princess's, Grace Hawthorne.
Royalty, Miss Kate Santley.
Sadler's Wells.
Savoy, D'Oyly Carte.
St. James's, Rutland Barrington.
Shaftesbury, J. Lancaster.
Standard.
Strand, C. H. Hawtrey.
Surrey, Geo. Conquest.
Toole's, J. L. Toole.
Terry's Theatre, E. Terry.
Vaudeville, Thomas Thorne.

Royal Aquarium, Company.
Crystal Palace, Company.
St. George's Hall, A. Reed and Corney Grain.
Princes' Hall.
Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill.
Kilburn Town Hall.

LONDONDERRY—Opera House, J. F. Warden.
LONGTON—Queen's, J. Elphinstone.
MACCLESFIELD—Royal, W. J. Revill.
MANCHESTER—Comedy, E. Garcia.
Royal, Captain Bainbridge.
Prince's, Mr. Ramsey.
Queen's Theatre, R. Mansell.
St. James's Theatre, J. C. Emerson.
MARGATE—Royal, Miss Sarah Thorne.
MAYBOLE—Town Hall, Janitor.
MERTHYR TYDVIL—Park Theatre, Company.
Temperance Hall, W. L. Daniel.
Drill Hall, H. W. Southey.
MIDDLESBROUGH—Royal, Messrs. Imeson.
NEATH—Bijou Theatre, J. W. Robinson.
Town Hall, Corporation.
Gwyn Hall, Corporation.
NELSON—Grand, Jno Barker.
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE—Royal, Howard and Wyndham.
Tyne, A. Harris.
NEWPORT (Mon.)—Royal Victoria, J. Rowe.
New Theatre, D. E. Humphreys.
NORTHAMPTON—Opera House, J. C. Franklin.
NORTH SHIELDS—Royal, S. R. Chisholm.
Gaiety, G. Duncan.
NORWICH—Royal, Fred. Morgan.
NOTTINGHAM—Royal, T. W. Charles.
Grand, J. B. Mulholland.
OLDHAM—Royal, L. Courtenay.
Colosseum, J. Whittaker.
OXFORD—New Theatre, T. Lucas.
PAISLEY—Royalty, C. E. Clark.
PERTH—Opera House, Public Hall Co.
PETERBOROUGH—Royal, W. H. Vernon.
PLYMOUTH—Royal, H. Reed.
PONTYPRIDD—Town Hall, Company.
PORTSMOUTH—Royal, J. W. Boughton.
PRESTON—Royal, Johnson and Tomlinson.
Prince's, H. Yorke.
RAMSGATE—Sanger's Amphitheatre, George Sanger.
READING—Royal County, F. Attwells.
REDDITCH—Public Hall, Harry Wright.
ROCHDALE—Royal, F. W. Purcell.
ROTHERHAM—Royal, C. Tasker Fell.
RUNCORN—Royal, Mr. B. Stanhope.
Public Hall, Secretary.
RYDE, I. OF W.—Theatre Royal.
SALFORD—Prince of Wales's, E. B. Goulden.
SALTBURN-BY-THE-SEA—Theatre, Manager.
SCARBOROUGH—Londesborough, Waddington and Sons.
Royal.
Spa Theatre.
SEAHAM HARBOUR—Royal.
SHEFFIELD—Royal, W. H. Daw.
Alexandra Opera House, W. Brittlebank.
SHREWSBURY—Royal, Mrs. Maddox.
SOUTHAMPTON—Prince of Wales's, Messrs. Gordon & Plowman.
SOUTHEND—Alexandra, C. H. Bowmaker.
SOUTHPORT—Winter Gardens, J. Long.
SOUTH SHIELDS—Theatre Royal, T. B. Appleby.
SPENNYMOOR—Cambridge, W. Green.
STAFFORD—Lyceum, Messrs. Follows & Sons.
STALYBRIDGE—Victoria, E. Harley.
STIRLING—Town Hall Theatre, W. Crawford.
STOCKPORT—Opera House, W. Revill.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES—Royal, L. Clarence.

ST. HELENS—Royal, Wallace Revill.
STOURBRIDGE—Alhambra, Mrs. Patch.
STRATFORD—Royal, Mr. A. Fredericks.
SUNDERLAND—Avenue, J. Watson.
SWANSEA—New Theatre, A. Melville.
Drill Hall, Major Pike.
TODMORDEN—Pavilion, Tom Russell.
TROWBRIDGE—Public Hall, P. L. Hill.
WAKEFIELD—Royal, B. Sherwood.
Opera House.
Corn Exchange, G. N. Ellerton.
WALSALL—Gaiety, W. H. Westwood.
St. George's Hall, Company.
WARRINGTON—Royal, B. Sheridan.
Public Hall, William Johnson.
WEST BROMWICH—Royal, J. G. Rainbow.
WEST HARTLEPOOL—Theatre Royal, Kirtley and Ball.
Gaiety, Carl Stein.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE—Victoria Hall, J. H. Parnell.
WEYMOUTH—Royal, H. Wheeler.
WHITEHAVEN—Royal, G. Hirschfeld.
WHITBY—West Cliff Saloon.
WIDNES—New Alexandra, Gerard, Kiddie, and Bray.
WIGAN—Court, Worswick & Gee.
WINDSOR—Theatre Royal, J. Suttle.
WOLVERHAMPTON—Royal, R. Arthur, junr.
Star, H. C. Hazlewood.
WOOLWICH.—New Royal.
Royal Artillery Theatre.
WORCESTER—Royal, W. Gomersal.
WORKINGTON—New Theatre, Clark and Wood.
WREXHAM—St James's Hall, J. Edgar.
Public Hall, W. H. Tilston.
YORK—Royal, W. A. Waddington and Sons.

MUSIC HALLS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

ABERDARE—Temperance Hall, Company.
ABERDEEN—Alhambra, Sam Picton.
Bon Accord, H. H. Bromhead.
ASHTON—Rudge's Varieties, W. Rudge.
Queen's Varieties, Geo. Eaves.
BARNSLEY—Surrey, F. Alberto.
BATH—Pavilion, Company.
BELFAST—Alhambra, W. J. Ashcroft.
Buffalo, E. W. Partrick.
BIRKENHEAD—Prince of Wales's, D. Grannell.
BIRMINGHAM—Gaiety, C. Barnard.
Days' Concert Hall, Messrs. Day.
Sherbourne Varieties, E. Martin.
Canterbury, D. McInnes.
Hall's Varieties, Mr. Hall.
Curzon Hall, G. Beech.
BLACKBURN—Lyceum, E. H. Page.
BOLTON—Victoria, J. Atkinson & Co.
BRADFORD—Star, H. Pullan.
BRIGHTON—Oxford, C. and J. A. Botham.
Alhambra, W. Bailey.
BRISTOL—New Star, C. M. Rodney.
BURY (Lanc.)—Albion, R. Simpson.
CARDIFF—Philharmonic, Company.
CARLISLE—Star.
CHATHAM—Palace of Varieties, L. Barnard.
COLCHESTER—Sir Colin Campbell, H. Short.
DOVER—Royal Clarence, C. Stewart.
Phœnix, J. Kemp.
DUBLIN—Kinsella's, P. Kinsella.
Star, D. Lowrey.
National, J. J. Macnally.
EDINBURGH—Varieties, H. E. Moss.
GLASGOW—Gaiety, D. S. M'Kay.
Scotia, Mrs. J. S. Baylis.
GREAT GRIMSBY—Bakewell's, T. L. Bakewell.
Theatre of Varieties, C. Woolhouse.
HALIFAX—Oddfellows', J. Helliwell.
HANLEY—Gaiety, J. B. Geoghegan.
HASTINGS—Pier Pavilion, J. D. Hunter.
HUDDERSFIELD—Varieties, J. W. Rowley.
HULL—Alhambra Palace, S. Barnard.
Mechanics' Hall, J. Murray.
Regent Music Hall, Mrs. R. Durden.
ILKESTON—Poplar, S. Robinson.
LEEDS—Princess's, C. Weldon.
Varieties, A. Greasley.
LEICESTER—Gaiety, Reeves and Verdo.
Varieties, A. F. Lovejoy.
Floral Hall, J. H. Clarke.
LIVERPOOL—Gaiety, H. De Frece.
Grand, J. T. Roach.
Haymarket, W. Thomas.
Parthenon, Mrs. J. G. Stoll.
Star, Fineberg and Lees.
St. James's, Sam Hague.
Westminster Music Hall, J. Kiernan.
LONDON—Alhambra, Company.
Arches, Mme. Gatti.
Bedford, Messrs. Hart.
Cambridge, Will Riley.
Canterbury, Company.
Collins's, H. Sprake.
Deacon's, H. E. Davis.
Empire, Company.
Foresters', W. Lusby.
Gatti's, Mesdames Gatti.
Hammersmith, A. Phillips and Son.
London Pavilion, Company.
Marylebone, R. F. Botting.
Metropolitan, H. G. Lake.
Middlesex, J. L. Graydon.

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trict as Peckham. Thus I came to write my tragedy, to persistently besiege managerial ears, and finally, on account of their reprehensible deafness, to determine that I would produce the thing on my own individual responsibility. Of course I kept my resolution a secret from the Popworths, so that in due season the blaze of my triumph should suddenly burst upon them in all its fulness and glory.

At the outset of my operations I encountered difficulties which would have disheartened any author with less faith in the excellence of his work. To begin with, I underwent innumerable disappointments with regard to the "casting" of the piece. I endeavoured to secure the best available talent in London for the performance (which was to take place in a Bermondsey public hall), and to this end wrote to some of the leading actors of the day. Many, to their shame be it written, demanded terms which were absolutely prohibitive, thus irreverently allowing immortal art to suffer for the sake of mere material dross, whilst others frankly admitted their inability to cope with such stupendous parts, and one or two proved their possession of debilitated intellects by replying that "*farce* was not their line of business." In my emergency I sought the advice of Mr. Montagu Tagg. Mr. Tagg was an acquaintance I had made in the bar-parlour of the "Shakespeare Arms," an hotel I occasionally visited, less for the desire of alcoholic refreshment than for the promotion of my own mercantile interests, which, I have no objection to state, are associated with the wholesale bottle interest. To Tagg, then, I confided my troubles, because he was an old actor—at least, he said he was, and I had no serious reason to doubt his word, insomuch as his age was self-evident, whilst his general appearance, his deep basso-profundo voice, and his "I remember-r the elder Kean, sir-r" style of conversation betokened the histrion of a bygone day. He laughed a bitter, a sardonic laugh when I told him my story, and then turned on me with a ferocity which might have been apposite in an emotional play, but which I, with all my innate dramatic instinct, considered a trifle out of place in the snuggery of a respectable public-house. "Why was I not consulted at first, sir-r?" I hesitated to tell him that I had Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. Fernandez in my original calculations, and therefore remained silent. "I am the very first artist, sir-r, to whom you should have applied. Your own reason should have logically demonstrated that fact." I ventured modestly to ask him where the logic came in. He mutely but severely contemplated me for a moment, and then thus catechised me: "You have written a drama?" I diffidently bowed acquiescence. "And has not every manager in London declined to produce that drama?" I deplored the fact, but acknowledged its unimpeachability. "And yet it is an excellent drama, sir-r!" I did not attempt to deny this last suggestion, for, although in the bottle business, I am a conscientious man, and could not honestly do so. "Now, then!" continued Tagg, in a style that evidently indicated his intention of clinching the argument. "Am I an actor?" Upon his authority I felt it best to reply in the affirmative. "And has not every London manager declined to recognise my genius by giving me an engagement?" I regretted that such was the case. "Well, sir-r," he summarised triumphantly, "as yours is an excellent drama, by parity of reasoning, I am an excellent actor." Not being able at the moment fully to grasp this kind of extraordinary ratiocination, I thought it safest to answer meditatively that there might be "something in that."

Without entering into the wearisome details of the discussion which followed, Mr. Tagg ultimately convinced me that there was "*everything* in that," and I unreservedly commissioned him to act as commander in my great enterprise, and lent him half-a-crown on the strength of his appointment. He planned the prospective programme with remarkable precision, and there and then surmounted one of my most formidable obstacles by settling the cast of the three most important characters of my play,—an aged monarch, whom he himself undertook to impersonate; the aged monarch's lovely daughter, which Shakespeare himself, he declared, might have written expressly for Miss Tagg; and an amorous troubadour, which I myself, under Tagg's tuition, should splendidly "create." The rest of the company he undertook to recruit from the ranks of

disappointed genius which lived and fretted in the immediate vicinity of Waterloo Road. A rehearsal of the principal scenes, which only necessitated the presence of the three prominent personages just mentioned, was fixed to take place at my own apartments two days later. They—that is, Tagg and his accomplished daughter—punctually keptt he appointment. We soon arranged the room according to the requirements of our stage plan, and seriously set to work.

Our first scene was one in which I, as the troubadour, was impassionedly to entreat the hand of the Princess Tagg from her obdurate father, her Royal Highness the while insidiously plying his Majesty with wine, or, as the text expressed it, "the blushing juice of fruitful Burgundy." Mr. Tagg created some preliminary delay by suddenly discerning much that was to be appreciated in the modern taste for stage realism, and insisted that it was extremely desirable for our rehearsal to be completely and consistently conducted in the most minute details, and that to this end genuine wine should have its due and fitting place therein. As I had no "blushing juice of the fruitful Burgundy on the premises, I sent for a bottle of port (at one-and-nine) from a conveniently contiguous grocer's establishment. Goblets of the period were also inaccessible, but Mr. Tagg kindly expressed his willingness to be contented with a half-pint mug. Under the balmy influence of the liquor, the venerable monarch of my drama consents to waive his objections, on the ground of social distinctions, to my union with his daughter, and benignly requests me to place upon her finger the ring of betrothal, which I have to do in the following exquisite language :—

> "My sweet Lenora, wear this precious ring,
> A mortal token of a deathless love;
> A love, I swear, not less in lastingness
> Than orbs eternal of the heavenly spheres."

At this point it was my duty to place the trinket on my *fiancée's* finger, and I was about to render this "business" in make-believe, but Mr. Tagg peremptorily pulled me up. "The observations, sir-r, which, as an artist, I felt it my duty to make concerning the wine, are equally applicable to the ring. My matured experience tells me that insufficiency in the minutiæ of rehearsal frequently portend disaster to the effect of the performance." Authority pervaded his tone, and reluctant to run the most trivial risks in a matter of such enormous importance, I drew off my own ring, Polly Popworth's one present to me, and, in accordance with our stage-manager's desire, gracefully and tenderly placed it on the rather coarse and very large hand of Lenora. Altogether we got through the whole scene fairly well, but Tagg was by no means satisfied, and requested that it should be repeated, significantly turning at the same time the half-pint mug and the bottle upside down to demonstrate their complete emptiness. At that moment a double knock at the front door, a knock which experience enabled me to identify as that of Mrs. Popworth, interrupted affairs generally and considerably upset me individually. I glanced from the side of my window, and sure enough Mrs. Popworth, *and Pollie*, stood on the doorstep awaiting admission. Now I knew that it would be quite futile to send them any not-at-home message, for the old woman was one of those intensely disagreeable, sceptical persons who insist on ocular proof of every statement that possibly admits of such proof, and I felt it was equally impolitic for them to meet the Taggs. Such a meeting would not only have exploded the secret of my great dramatic scheme, but in all probability have also ruffled the jealous temperament of Pollie with regard to the presence of a strange and flashily-attired woman in my rooms. So I whispered a few hurried and incoherent words of explanation to my visitors, and hustled them out at the back door just as that at the front again resounded in response to Mrs. Popworth's impatient raps.

"Ma's been seized with one of her attacks, Marmaduke dear," explained Pollie, "and so I thought you wouldn't mind her resting here until she's better." "Can I get her anything?" I asked in a concerned way. A gurgle

emanated from the easy-chair into which Mrs. Popworth had sunk, and this Pollie translated for me into "Gin, with a dash of peppermint in it." "What a mess and muddle the room is in, to be sure!" exclaimed the old lady, when the restoratives sufficiently strengthened her to survey the disarranged furniture. "And, Marmaduke love, do you drink port wine out of a mug?" inquired Pollie, examining the relics of the royal dissipation. "A little negus, dear, for a cold," I nervously and mendaciously explained. "Rum and butter is more hefficacious," chimed in Mrs. Popworth, whose grammar had been impaired by her periodical spasms. Pollie set to work and restored the room to its normal neatness and order, and I rang the bell to order some tea. In place, however, of my landlady answering the summons, old Popworth rushed into the room, an awful picture of uncurbed rage and unchecked perspiration. He gave us no time to inquire as to the cause of his alarming agitation, but allowed his pent-up fury full and vigorous vent. "*Now*, Trotbury!" My name, by the way, is Trotbury,—Marmaduke Trotbury—and at that fearful moment I wished myself anyone else. "*Now*, Trotbury!" raved the pawnbroker, "what the devil have you to say for yourself?"

He paused to mop his expansive forehead, and with as much dignity as I could command, I replied, "Your question, sir, is too indefinite to allow of a concise answer." "Who is the brazen-faced woman who you've been a' carrying on with, eh? Is that too indefinite for you, you nefarious villain?" "Woman!" shrieked Mrs. Popworth, as she fell back with a gurgle. "Woman!" faintly echoed Pollie, as she sank back on the sofa. "Woman!" I repeated, as my knees trembled beneath me. "Woman!" roared old Popworth; "a dyed-haired, powder-puffed, painted woman, who pledged *this* at my place ten minutes ago, and said you yourself had put it on her finger." Great heaven! "This" was the ring which, in conformity with Mr. Tagg's realistic theories, I had put on his daughter's hand, and forgotten in the hurry of her departure to re-demand. "And what is this?" gurgled forth mother Popworth, holding up a muff, which my leading lady, in the exigency of the situation, had left behind her. I tried to speak, but words failed me. "Take me home, oh! take me home," was the last piteous cry I heard Pollie utter.

It would be idle to narrate the nature of my subsequent interview with Mr. Montagu Tagg. That is but a miserable—a shadowy detail in comparison with the fact that to this day one of the most noble dramatic conceptions of the poetic muse has remained in ignominious obscurity.

A WALTZ IN WORDS.—Johann Strauss, the modern "King of the Waltz," shows his friends the following letter written to him from Paris: "DEAR SIR,—I am the most enthusiastic of your admirers, and consider you far superior to Lecoq and Suppé as a composer. I heard one of your waltzes the other day, and was delighted with it; I am now anxious to procure a copy to have it played at my evening parties, but unfortunately I don't know what it is called. Still, as I remember it perfectly well, I can tell you how it commences, namely, as follows: 'Tiriri, tiriri, tiriri; diroden, diroden; tarala, tararí ponla!' Yours devotedly, &c."

JENNY LIND AND THE STUDENTS.—At a certain German town many years ago, when Jenny Lind was at the height of her fame, there was a tremendous *furore* about the fair singer, who, after driving the whole place nearly mad, left it on her travels early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates, a party of rampant students who had escorted it rushed back to her hotel, demanded to be shown to her bedroom, swept like a whirlwind upstairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in strips as decorations. An hour or two afterwards a bald old gentleman of amiable appearance, an Englishman, who was staying at the hotel, came to breakfast, at the *table d'hôte*, and was observed to be much disturbed in mind, and to show great terror whenever a student came near him. At last he said in a low voice to some people who were near him at the table: "You are English gentlemen, I observe. Most extraordinary people, these Germans! Students in a body raving mad, gentlemen!" "Oh, no," said somebody else; "excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible!" "By George, sir," returned the old gentleman, still more disturbed, "then there's something political in it, and I am a marked man! I went out for a little walk this morning after shaving, and while I was gone"—he fell into a terrible perspiration as he told it—"they burst into my bedroom, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their button-holes." It is perhaps needless to add they had gone into the wrong bedroom.

"A Dramatic Revenge."

BY F. LESLIE MORETON.

"DEAD? Well, if he wasn't he wouldn't be here. He's sane enough, though, at times. Perhaps, as you were old friends, he'll remember you. He's quiet and reasonable to-day." So saying, the chief warder of Pridewell Asylum opened the door of No. Nineteen's room and walked in. I followed close behind, and peering over his shoulder, saw sitting by the fire a middle-aged man, who appeared to be indulging in an afternoon nap. He jumped up, however, on hearing footsteps, and turned towards us. In spite of his beard I at once recognised George Dalton, a well-known actor of the last decade, whom I had not met since I quitted the Middleton "Legitimate" Company. "George," said I, "don't you know me?" He stared hard for some moments, then passing his hand over his forehead, as though to clear the cobwebs from his memory, exclaimed, "It is Jack Somers, isn't it?" and the next moment had grasped my hand with the hearty grip of true friendship. "What have you been doing all these years?" he asked. "Fulfilling engagements in America; I only landed last week." "Then perhaps you have not heard how I came here?" he said. "I have not," I answered; "in fact, it was quite by chance I found where you were." "Sit down, then, and I'll tell you all about it. Don't be afraid; I'm a bit dotty at times, I know, but I've got all my thatch on to-day." This he hastened to remark, noticing that my eyes anxiously followed the warder as he left the room. Thinking it best to humour him, I sat down.

"You used to often hear me speak of my twin-brother, Jim," he began. "Well, he's dead—murdered—but he is avenged. Thank heaven! he is avenged." And as he uttered these words his eyes flashed, and his features became strangely animated. Presently he resumed. "Jim and I entered the world soon after one another. We were very much alike, both in appearance and tastes. As we grew up our attachment for one another increased, and when our father died, leaving us to earn our own living, and I suggested going on the stage, Jim readily acquiesced. At first we were fortunate in obtaining engagements in the same companies, but at length, times being bad, we separated, I joining Middleton 'Legitimate,' while Jim went south for the stock season at the Royal, Milchester. We never met again, though for more than three years we corresponded regularly. In the last letter I ever had from him he told me he was engaged to be married to Dora Christie, the leading lady of the theatre with which he was associated. He added that he had had a rival in the young lady's affections, no less an important personage than the 'heavy' man, who was reported to have found favour with his *inamorata* before he came upon the scene. 'Bullmore bears his defeat well, though,' Jim wrote, 'and has struck up quite a friendship with me since he found his chance hopeless.' Although this letter contained nothing but happy observations, it filled me with a vague fear. I mistrusted the 'heavy' man. It seemed unnatural to me that he should so easily allow another to come between him and the girl he loved, and I doubted, therefore, the sincerity of his friendship. That night I could not sleep for thinking of it, but a little before daybreak I sank into a fitful slumber. I awoke with a start just as the first streak of dawn stole in at the window. Some one had touched me. I turned my head, and saw at the bedside my brother Jim. He was dressed in the costume of 'Roderigo' in *Othello*. I called him by name. He did not answer, but silently pointed to the loose shirt he wore beneath his open tunic. It was stained with blood. His face bore an unutterably sad expression, and moving slowly towards the door—still facing me—he beckoned, as though he would have me follow. I leapt from the bed,

but almost immediately stumbled against something and fell. I remember no more till I found myself again in bed, with a doctor bending over me. My landlady had knocked as usual at my door in the morning, but finding I gave no response to her repeated calls, had had the door burst open, when I was found unconscious on the floor. It was a fortnight before I rallied sufficiently to bear the news of my brother's death. It did not come as a shock to me. Calmly I heard how, when playing 'Roderigo' to the 'Iago' of Bullmore, the 'heavy' man, he had been accidentally stabbed to death, through the button of the former's weapon having broken off, it was supposed, just before his entrance in the fifth act, as it was afterwards found in the wings by a scene-shifter. On learning that the deceased and Bullmore were on perfectly friendly terms, the intelligent jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental death,' and exonerated every one. What a mockery that verdict seemed to me, convinced, as I was, that my brother had been deliberately murdered! Yet how could I expect any one to believe my story? I should only be regarded as the victim of a nightmare if I narrated it to my friends. It was clear, though, that the criminal would escape justice if I did not exert myself. Quick the thought darted through my brain—why should not I be his executioner? Feverish as I still was, it found such favour with me that soon I regarded it as my solemn duty to avenge my brother by my own hand.

"Calmly and methodically I went to work. First, I travelled to Milchester, and made the acquaintance of the lessee of the theatre there. He received me most kindly, and in course of conversation said that Bullmore had been resting since his fatal misadventure, but had that morning rejoined the company in order to arrange for his benefit, which would take place on the following Friday, it being the close of the spring season. Evincing an interest in the event, I asked what piece he intended playing, and learnt that *Black-eyed Susan* and the Third Act of *The Corsican Brothers* would constitute the programme. Some fiend whispered to me: 'Here is your opportunity; take it.'

"Later on the 'heavy' man and I were introduced, and I felt him tremble as he took my proffered hand in his. At once I touched upon the subject of his benefit. He was playing *The Corsican Brothers*, I understood; as I had made a hit as 'Fabian,' I should be happy to appear for him in that part if he would himself sustain that of 'Chateau Renaud.' He would have refused if he could have done so with a good grace, but the manager settled the point by overwhelming me with thanks for so strengthening the bill. At the couple of rehearsals which were held, 'Renaud' was obviously uncomfortable, but I strove to reassure him by my friendly demeanour.

"Friday night came, and the house was crowded. *Black-eyed Susan* was rattled through, and while the stage was being set for *The Corsican Brothers* a concert was given by local talent. Long before he was due I noticed 'Chateau Renaud' come from his dressing-room and examine the foils we were to use, as though distrustful of them. The property-master had, however, anticipated him, and strengthened the buttons.

"The Act began, and everything went smoothly till I made my entrance. At the word 'Stay!' 'Renaud' quailed, and, in spite of his make-up, I perceived he was completely unnerved. As I asked the question, 'What have you done with my brother?' I felt that I, too, was no longer acting. Through that powerful scene we went, almost every word being peculiarly appropriate to our own case. Never did I act so earnestly, never was I so well played up to. There was no longer any applause, but all listened with bated breath.

"We threw off our coats, chose swords, and entered upon the first combat. It was short, for I had no desire to prolong what was but the introduction to the tragedy. 'Renaud,' however, was in no hurry to speak the line—'When you are ready, sir,' and it was only after the prompter had twice given it to him that he uttered it. The swords were duly broken, but when I snapped my weapon I contrived to draw from my waistband, unnoticed, a long slender dagger from which the hilt had been removed. While 'Meynard' tied this to my wrist I held it in such a way that he could not see that it was any other than an ordinary stage weapon. The harmless blade I should have used I

adroitly kicked behind the tree up the stage. 'Renaud' and I stood face to face, and went through the orthodox struggle; I, all the time, hiding my weapon as much as possible till the moment came to strike. Then, raising it, I plunged it with all my strength into his heart. With a cry that will for ever haunt me, he fell back dead.

"I turned away, when lo! before me stood Jim, dressed just as he was on the night he came to my bedside; but he smiled upon me now. Shrieking 'My brother!' I rushed towards him, but two burly scene-shifters sprang forward and dragged me away to my dressing-room.

"Life for the next twelve months was a blank; I had lost my reason. I'm sensible enough now, you think? Well, yes, I am; but I get a relapse now and again, so I suppose I'm not fit to be at large. Good-bye, if you must go so soon. Remember me to any of the old boys you meet, and say I shall be glad to see any of them who will drop in."

The Diamond Ring.

BY ALFRED A. WILMOT.

ONE evening a few weeks ago, after a deal of pushing and squeezing, I found myself in the pit of the St. James's Theatre, waiting to witness the performance of "The Dean's Daughter." It was a full "house," and, judging from appearances, matters looked very promising for the new management. Every seat was occupied, and in the one next to me on my right sat a somewhat taking, neatly-dressed lady of the governess or dressmaker school, who, as the evening advanced, became quite chatty and agreeable, proving very pleasant company. No! my dear reader, although I always strive to be attentive to the weaker sex, I am not by any means what you may term a "lady-killer." On emerging from the theatre, after the play was over, I walked with my lady friend down the street as far as the corner, where our paths separated. I was in the act of wishing her good-bye, jocularly remarking on my good fortune in having had such pleasant company during the evening, when she drew my attention to a little object lying on the kerbstone. On picking it up, we found it to be a small cardboard box wrapped up in tissue paper, and both her curiosity and mine being aroused, we quickly examined its contents beneath the friendly light of the street-lamp. Removing the cover, I disclosed to view, softly nestling in a bed of wool, a magnificent diamond ring.

Before leaving each other that night we came to the understanding that the ring should remain in my possession until the inevitable reward appeared, which we arranged should be divided equally between us; and with a smile on her face, and my card in her pocket, the lady left me.

True enough, in the ensuing Wednesday's *Telegraph* appeared the following advertisement: "£10 Reward. Lost on Monday evening, between Pall Mall and Piccadilly, a Diamond Ring in a cardboard box. The finder will receive the above reward on applying to A. B., Blank's Library, Bond Street, W." Previous to going up into the neighbourhood of the Strand, I penned a note to Blank's Library, and on my return from business I was informed that a gentleman had called respecting the lost trinket, and on being told of my absence, had left word that he would look in again about eight o'clock. Punctually at that hour a gentlemanly-dressed man made his appearance. I ascertained from him that the ring had been purchased by himself as a present to his wife, and up till the receipt of my letter he had laboured under the strong impression that one of the nimble-fingered gentry had relieved him of his valuable little piece of property; and with mutual satisfaction, in a very short

space of time the diamond ring and a crisp new ten-pound Bank of England note changed hands.

I had scarcely settled myself comfortably in my study-chair after his departure, when a smart rat-tat sounded at the front door, and a few moments later my lady companion-in-fortune was ushered into my presence. You may be pretty sure I was only too delighted to present her with five gold pieces, her share of the transaction; and I parted with her on the threshold in the best of spirits, with the hope that we might see each other again at no distant date. But we never have from that day to this! Confound her! When I presented the bank-note at my bankers a few days afterwards, it was discovered to be a clever forgery. Whether the ring was the same I cannot say; I only know that I had been very neatly swindled out of five pounds.

My Return Ticket.

BY FRANK HARVEY.

HEN I was a lad of eighteen, my father, who had held a good position in Manchester, suddenly failed in business, and we sank at once from comparative opulence to extreme poverty. I had been reared with no definite idea of the future, and the fact soon forced itself upon me that I should now be compelled to earn my own livelihood. I therefore looked about me to find the easiest and best means of doing so. I had a pretty voice, some musical training, and any amount of ambition, so I resolved to go on the stage and become a great operatic tenor. The gentleman from whom I had received my musical education promised to assist me by procuring for me a letter of introduction to a well-known professor in London. This professor, I was given to understand, provided board, lodging, and tuition in return for his pupils' services for a certain number of years. The very man—but how to get to London? Funds were low, and friends were few. I at last raised sufficient money to take me to town by an excursion train allowing four clear days in the metropolis. I left Manchester, vowing never to return till I could come back a second Sims Reeves. I reached my destination, armed with my letter of introduction. I saw the professor, who expressed himself satisfied with my vocal ability, but wanted £200 as a premium. Two hundred pounds! I couldn't have raised two hundred pence. Here was an end to my ambition. For four wretched days I tramped the London streets. I prowled round the theatres—I begged to be taken on in the chorus, even to stand on in a crowd—anything rather than go back home and own myself a miserable failure. It was useless; there was no opening for my aspiring genius. At the end of four days I decided to use my half-ticket and return to Manchester. I spent my last night in London at an outlying theatre, and slept at a coffee-house in the neighbourhood. In the morning the landlord forgot to call me, and I had twelve minutes to walk from the Waterloo Road to Euston. I rushed wildly into the station—I asked for the Manchester excursion train. "9.30 train for Manchester," answered the porter, "been gone ten minutes, sir." Gone! Gone, and left me standing alone and friendless in a big strange city, with the half of an unavailable ticket in my hand, and sevenpence in my pocket. I suppose my bewildered expression must have roused some pity in the porter's breast. "There's another train for Manchester that leaves the Midland at ten, sir," said he. How would that benefit me! The Midland Company was not likely to accept a ticket issued by the London and North-Western Company, nor could I hope to prevail upon them to convey me 188 miles for the sum of sevenpence. With no fixed object in my mind, I ran out into the

Euston Road—I sped along to St. Pancras. I panted into the station—a man placed himself before me—a man looking like a costermonger out for a holiday. "You want to go to Manchester," he said; "hold out your hand, and don't let the ticket-collector see you." He thrust something into my hand. I took it mechanically. "Now you're right," said he. "Good morning." I passed through the barrier, I jumped into the train, and for the first time I looked at what the man had given me. *It was the half of a return ticket to Manchester by the Midland route.* The man was an utter stranger to me—I had never seen him before, nor have I ever seen him since. How he could have known my trouble, or why he should have given me, unsolicited, that what I wanted, will always remain an unsolved mystery. I am regarded by my friends as rather a lucky sort of fellow, and when I have told my story they have called it Providence, and I have grown to believe them.

Signor José Robertini.

BY WYNN MILLER.

THAT was his name on the bills. His real name was Joe Roberts, so I shall call him Joe in speaking of him. He was born in a circus, and cradled on horseback. It was at Oldhampton I first met him. Oldhampton is a big manufacturing town in the north. Joe had forsaken the ring then for the stage, and was engaged as clown at the Theatre Royal. He was a smart, good-looking, and well-conducted fellow was Joe, a favourite with every one. Five years before he came to Oldhampton he had married the only child of a wealthy mill-owner in a neighbouring town. It was love on both sides, ending in elopement and marriage. The old cotton-spinner was furious, and refused to recognise either of them. At first this did not trouble them, neither cared very much; but when the novelty had worn off, Florrie soon learnt to miss the luxury of the home she had forfeited to become the wife of a circus rider. She became listless and dissatisfied, and even openly regretted to her husband the imprudence that had, as she put it, made her life unbearable. Poor Joe, he was awfully in love with his young wife, and was ever finding excuses for her bad temper and discontent. It was as much, sometimes, as he could do to keep peace with her. But there were the two children to think of; little Joe, aged four, and Blanche, a pretty little doll, just two. They were all the world to Joe. Latterly there had been another source of unhappiness and anxiety. Joe had heard his wife's name disrespectfully associated with that of a man whom they had met some months previously. This man, whom they knew by the name of Richard Blanchard, appeared to have unlimited means, and had followed the show about from town to town merely as a pastime. When Joe came to Oldhampton he was in hopes that they had seen the last of this man; it was near the end of the run of the Pantomime, and he hadn't made his appearance. Florrie seemed more cheerful than she had been of late, and Joe was correspondingly happy. It was his benefit. The house was crammed, and Joe clowned that night as he had never clowned before. As he hurried home he revolved in his mind what he should buy for Florrie out of the proceeds. He had seen her in the dress circle, but she had not waited for him when it was over. That was nothing unusual. When Joe reached home little Joe was fast asleep, but neither Florrie nor Blanche was there. He called the landlady, who told him she had been home, but had gone out again about twenty minutes before, and had taken her baby with her. "Gone out again!" "Yes," said the woman; "a dark gentleman with black whiskers had waited for her outside, and they had gone away together in a

cab." "My God! where to?" "I heard him tell the cabman to drive to Dumps station." Joe waited to hear no more—a big fear was in his heart. It was Richard Blanchard who had turned up again. His one thought now was to save his wife, the mother of his babes; and as he rushed through the deserted streets towards the station, his heart cried aloud, "Florrie, Florrie, come back to me; come back to me!" Madly he tore up the stairs on to the platform, and arrived just in time to see his wife followed into a first-class carriage by his enemy. He raced along the platform, and was just able to spring upon the footboard of the rapidly-departing train. Two hours later Joe was picked up unconscious and bleeding just outside the station. He had been knocked off the footboard of the train at the entrance of the tunnel.

It was months before Joe was able to get about again. Every one knew the cause of his accident, and every one sympathised with him, but he could never be brought to refer to it. We got him up another benefit, and he left Oldhampton crippled and broken down, taking little Joe with him.

Florrie, in the meantime, had gone to Paris with her betrayer. There she soon discovered the source of his income. He was one of a notorious gang of continental bank-note forgers; and within twelve months he was arrested and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

About this time her father died, and as he left no will, she inherited all his wealth. It was then that remorse asserted itself. She would have given all she possessed, her very life, had she never sinned. She thought of Joe day and night, and longed for the forgiveness and the old happy days that she knew could never be hers again. She had one comfort, one thing to love and live for—her little girl. But that was not enough. Where was her boy—the child she had deserted? Her heart was hungry for him. She advertised for her husband and child everywhere. She scattered her money broadcast in her efforts to trace them, but all in vain, she could hear nothing of them. "Oh, Joe! Joe!" she cried, "my husband, my wronged love, if I could only find you to ask your forgiveness, and to embrace my boy, I would gladly die!" But Joe had dropped right out of the profession; his old companions knew him no more, the advertisements were unseen, and her cries of contrition were unheard.

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What a cruel day it had been; hail, rain, snow, and sleet, and the bitter north-easter that cut like a knife. It was pantomime time, and outside Drury Lane Theatre—the doors were open, and visitors arriving—there was the usual gathering of poor under the portico to witness the arrivals, and the policemen were busy keeping back the crowd who blocked the footway. While I was waiting for a friend, my attention was attracted to two figures, a man and a boy. The man appeared to be engrossed in reading a benefit bill, upon which appeared a woodcut of Drury Lane's own clown. The boy, with his hand in the man's, had his head half-turned, and was looking over his shoulder at a handsome equipage, which had just arrived. A pretty little girl, wrapped in satin and swansdown, was lifted from the carriage by the tall footman, and led up the steps into the theatre by a lady elegantly dressed in black. The lad thought he had never seen anything half so lovely as that child, and did not take his eyes off her while she was in sight. The carriage rolled away, and made room for another. Visitors were arriving fast. "Move on there—move on," said the policeman, good-naturedly enough, and he emphasised the words by gently, but firmly, pushing back the crowd. The man, with the boy's hand still in his, obeyed the injunction, and moved on. Just then my friend arrived, and I lost sight of them.

Shortly before the performance was over, I left the crowded theatre. At the corner of Vinegar Yard there is a tavern, which, at the time I am speaking of, was kept by a famous clown. As we were passing, I noticed a crowd round one of the doors, and heard a boy crying. My friend ventured to suggest it was a drunken row. "Nothing of the sort," said a man in his shirt-sleeves, who had come to the door. "He's not drunk, poor Joe ain't; he's got

another fit, and a bad 'un this time." In a moment the truth flashed across me. Joe! it was Joe I saw reading the play-bill. I was by his side in an instant. Yes, it was Joe Roberts, sure enough, but oh! how changed! It was five years since I had last seen him at Oldhampton, and now he was an old man, broken, feeble, and prematurely aged. The barman had evidently known him a long time, and told us where he lived. Gently we carried him to his squalid garret in Parker Street, Drury Lane. As we were passing under the portico of the theatre the glare of the gaslights fell upon his poor wan face, his ragged overcoat barely covering the wretched costume of the street tumbler. He lay there helpless and unconscious. The performance was over, the same pretty child was being lifted into the carriage which had brought her, and as we passed on we heard the piercing shriek of a woman. I looked round, and saw that the lady in black had fainted. I did not leave Joe again. I learnt from little Joe that his father had always been lame, and that in addition he had been subject to fits. The doctor I called in said they were the result of his accident on the railway. In consequence the poor fellow had never been able to follow his profession, and had sunk lower and lower, till at last he could scarcely get bread for himself and the boy.

Joe had been unconscious for three days and nights, and I felt that there was no hope for him. On the fourth day a lady came to the room and asked for him. She was dressed in black. As she lifted her veil I recognised her; it was Joe's runaway wife—the woman who had broken his heart and was indirectly responsible for all his misery and his ultimate death. She saw that I knew her. Softly she went to the bedside. I looked in her face; penitence was there, remorse was consuming her. Her tears rained down upon the face of the dying man. Gently she smoothed his hair and kissed his fevered lips. "Joe, husband, forgive me; forgive me, dear! I have been so wicked, but I always loved you, Joe. It was the life I could not bear. Forgive me, dear; I have tried so hard to find you, to ask your pardon." And then in her despair she prayed aloud. "O God, do not let him die! O God, spare him, that he may live and forgive me!" Her grief and repentance were terrible to witness. I consoled her as best I could. By-and-by Joe's eyes opened, and he seemed for a moment to recover consciousness. His wife's arms were round his neck. His eyes sought hers; he seemed to recognise her. He called her softly by name. "Florrie, Florrie love, kiss me, kiss me," and then he lapsed again into unconsciousness. Presently he turned his head and his eyes opened again, with a far-away look in them that told us the end was near. "Hush! hush!" he said, and his voice was like the feeble wail of a sick child. "Hush! I am called, I am wanted for the transformation. Coming! coming! com——" his breath for a moment was like the fluttering of a moth. And so he died. Poor Joe—brave, loving, broken-hearted Joe—his gentle, uncomplaining spirit had shaken off its earthly trappings to appear in the last grand transformation scene of all.

Three months afterwards Florrie, truly penitent, died of grief and remorse in the convent of the Sacred Heart in Belgium.

As I write this the two little ones are by my side—mine now—my wards by their mother's will; and as Blanche interrupts me by asking when her mamma is coming again, I hear the big suppressed sobs in little Joe's throat as he twines his arms lovingly round his sister's neck and says, "Don't cry, Blanche; mamma has gone to find dada in heaven."

No Hurry.—When Macready was acting in *Venice Preserved*, and the dying speech of "Jaffier" was "dragging its slow length along," one of the gallery, in a tone of great impatience, called out very loudly, "Ah, now, die at once;" to which another from the other side immediately replied, "Be quiet, you blackguard;" then turning with a patronising tone to the lingering Jaffier, "Take your time!"

Not Much Standing Room.—A play-bill of the year 1734, which is preserved as a curiosity in the museum at Brunswick, winds up as follows: "For the sake of the convenience of the public, the first row in the pit are directed to lie down, the second row to kneel, and the third to stand, so as to enable all the spectators to see the performance. Laughing is prohibited, as the play is a tragedy."

What is your Business?

By EDWARD ROSE.

THEY were going to bring out a new play at the Propriety. If you happened to be sitting, over your humble chop, at the Foyer Club in Mudford Street at about two o'clock, the entire Propriety would drop in one by one—each with an attempt at genial surprise at meeting the others again. They had been rehearsing, and the author had a way of being rather trying at times, and the general result was that each of them, as he entered the club, said something ending with "and soda—and mind there's very little soda!"

One morning, I remember, Daintry Verschoyle, the light comedian, was the first to come in. He crossed the room with his swinging strides, leaned over the table to me affectionately, slapped me on the shoulder, and warmly pressed my hand; it was easy to see that we were old friends long parted—and indeed I had not met him since eleven o'clock. "Well," said I (knowing that the subject was a safe one), "what's your part in the new play?" "Oh, 'light com.'!" he replied airily, and added in a confidential whisper (so that the others could only just hear it), "and a d—— good part, too." "No doubt," I said. "But what *is* he?" "Oh, he's a young fellow, in love with the 'heavy man's' sister." "Quite so; but what does he do?" "My boy, what *doesn't* he do? He has a lovely situation." "As a clerk?" I asked, at hazard. "As a clerk! As the protector of helpless woman, my son! That ought to fetch them, eh?" "It will! But does he get his daily bread that way? Hasn't he any other ostensible calling? In fact, as I said before, what *is* he?" "Well—he's a young fellow, and he's in love."

The conversation was tending to repeat itself; and it was with a sense of relief that I saw a serious little man making his way towards the table. This was Simmons, the low comedian, and he was just murmuring something to James which ended with "*very* little soda." "Halloa, Simmons!" I remarked, feeling that the time had come to start a new subject; "what's your part in this piece?" "I think there is an impression about that he is a low comedian," said Simmons with assumed grimness; and murmured in lower tones than ever, "and a d—— good part, too." "But what is he? What's his business?" "The regular comedy-merchant. You see, he wants to marry the old woman." "But doesn't he do anything for a living?" "He wants to do that for a living," replied Simmons promptly, giving it the air of a repartee; and when I pointed out that even fortune-hunters for the most part had some sort of occupation, calling or profession, he only answered (in the humorous monotone which has made his fortune), "Not in this piece."

To these entered—as the Elizabethan dramatists used to say—the eminent "heavy man," Mr. Bludden Thundyr, famous on the stage for his soul-curdling smile, and a certain deadly roll of the eye at his exits: and noted throughout "the profession" for his rollicking animal spirits and unfailing cheery good-nature. "What's your part, Johnny?" I asked—for "Johnny" Mr. B. Thundyr was christened, and Johnny (in spite of those deadly eyes) he remains to all who know him. In a voice which would have lifted the ceiling, but that the Foyer is luckily a very lofty room, Johnny made answer, "He's a d—— good part, my boy!" And, beyond the fact that the "part" in question was an uncle (usually a nefarious relation), a guardian, and—need I add?—a forger, I could get no particulars as to the trade to which that estimable person had been brought up.

The same inquiries addressed to the "juvenile man," a character actor or so, and the "old man," had similar results: except that the last gentleman "thought he was described in the bills as a Squire," and intended to wear brown velvet in

consequence; and the investigation of several dozens of the latest plays issued by Mr. English—our only native publisher—brought to light the following interesting facts:—

In nineteen plays out of twenty, the majority of the characters apparently earn their living by making love, or being funny, or uttering virtuous sentiments, or merely being villains "at large." And if they have any businesses or professions, they treat them with complete indifference—except merchants, who are always bankrupt—and devote pretty well their entire time to making love, being funny, uttering sentiments, and so forth (as before). Now this is surely not in the least like real life. Ordinary men (and women, nowadays) are only too much absorbed in their business: why should not business have its reasonable share in stage-life, too? Almost the only English dramatist I know who has given it this prominence is the late Tom Taylor; and how strong, how interesting, he has made the business-scenes in *Still Waters, New Men and Old Acres*, the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*. Why should our knowledge of the lover in the last new play be limited to the fact that he *is* a lover, a "juvenile part"—and a "d—— good part, too"?

"Poor Bonnithorne!"

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE world knows least of its greatest sufferers and most patient martyrs, and the saddest tragedies of life are those which take place in secret, "behind the scenes." The little story I am about to tell, though simple and common enough, affords one instance out of many of the strange vicissitudes and sorrows of the theatrical profession. It is quite true in all particulars save one—the real name of the unfortunate individual whose fate it is my task to chronicle.

Poor Bonnithorne (as I shall call him) was first introduced to me by a well-known man of letters, at a time when one of my plays was running, under my own management, at a London theatre. He was then about thirty-four years of age, and had been on the stage as an actor for some years; with no particular aptitude for his profession, and, so far as I could perceive, no great enthusiasm for it. He played small parts, generally the kind which used to be known as "second heavies" for a very small salary—just enough, with thrift, to keep the wolf from the door. Interested by his manners and appearance, which were those of a perfect gentleman, I gave him an engagement, and during the rehearsals and subsequent performances was particularly struck by two things—his quiet cheerfulness of disposition and his fondness for reading. It was obvious that he was very poor, and that his physical condition was delicate, for he was narrow-chested, and troubled at times with an irksome cough; but he never complained, never appeared impecunious, and was, perhaps, the brightest and pleasantest member of my little company. I discovered, during occasional conversations, that he had literary tastes, read and wrote "poetry," and had a cultivated knowledge of general literature. At the wings, or in the green-room, he was generally armed with a book, which he would read in the intervals of his nightly work. He lent books, also, to those among his fellow-performers who had tastes in that direction, and was particularly zealous in finding works of fiction for the ladies; hence he became highly popular among the more serious members of the company, while by the less thoughtful he was given, with contemptuous good-nature, the title of "Gentleman Bonnithorne." It so happened that in the drama we were representing several children were employed, and with these he was a special favourite, for he not only tried to amuse the little ones and make them happy,

but night after night brought them presents of sweetmeats and toys. How he managed out of his very small salary to do all this, and to buy books, was certainly a mystery; but I came to the conclusion that he must have means outside of the gains from his profession, and that, though certainly not a married man, he had either secret resources, or relations who were liberal and well-to-do. This idea was corroborated by his talk and general bearing. He frequently alluded to his "club" (though I never ascertained to what club he belonged), to dinners with wealthy friends, to the movements of fashionable society; and altogether, his air was that of a man well contented with his portion, and thoroughly secure as to the future.

Our theatrical campaign was a short one, and on its termination I left London for my house in the country. The London season was then near its termination, the dog-days were beginning, and all people who could afford it were preparing to seek green meadows or the seaside. I left Bonnithorne in the highest spirits. He would remain in town, he said gaily, for a few days, and then, possibly, he "would go to Switzerland." His "cough was a little troublesome"; he "would have a good long holiday." A week or two after my departure I received a long letter from him, together with a little book of poetical selections which he had helped to edit. His letter was brightness itself. He gave me the picture of a well-to-do bachelor lingering in town out of mere whim, lounging at the clubs, strolling in the park, reading the new books, and thoroughly enjoying life. He had "changed his mind" about the scene of his holiday; he was "thinking of going on a yacht to Norway." A little later came other letters, equally buoyant and delightful. After all, he said, "London was the jolliest place in the world"; the clubs, the parks, were "Paradise, even out of the season"; he almost thought he would keep his money in his pocket, and take no holiday at all. Poor Bonnithorne!

Conceive my surprise when, very shortly afterwards, one fine morning I received a letter from the clergyman of a large London parish, stating that in the course of his parochial ministrations he had discovered, in a lonely lodging, the dead body of a person unknown, who was supposed to have been an actor, and who had literally been starved to death! In a miserable room, almost without furniture, this unfortunate being had subsisted for many weeks. He went and came quietly, uttering no complaints, and holding no communication with his fellow-lodgers. At last, for one reason or another, he had kept his room, and when he was found there at last, he had been dead for nine days. Searching among some papers in the chamber, the clergyman found letters from myself and another member of my household, and from these he learned the dead man's name, which was "Arthur Bonnithorne." My correspondent's immediate purpose in writing to me was, while informing me of the piteous facts, to ask me to assist in burying the body decently, and not in a pauper's grave.

Poor Bonnithorne! At the very time when he was talking about his "holiday in Switzerland," and of "going on a yacht to Norway," when he was describing with gay gusto the pleasures of clubland and the parks, he had been perishing for want of food. Day by day, week by week, he had kept up the show of independence and prosperity, and had confided to no one whatever the fact of his humble privations. Further inquiry showed that, even so far back as the time of his theatrical engagement, when he was bringing toys and sweetmeats to the poor children, he had denied himself common necessaries in order to make others happy. When found in that wretched room the body was worn to a skeleton, and covered only with a few miserable rags. Although perfectly well aware that assistance could have been easily procured, poor Bonnithorne was too proud and sensitive to solicit it. He preferred to let his friends believe that the sun was shining upon him; that he was a happy man about town; and that London was the "jolliest place in the world"!

ALWAYS OWING.—"How is it, Sheridan, that your name has not an O attached to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious." "No family has a better right to O than our family," said Sheridan; "for we owe everybody."

How this Story was Written.

BY CHARLES CARTWRIGHT.

HORATIO HONEYDROP was an actor—pardon, he was on the stage. The pride of his father, the joy of his mother (a dear old soul), Horatio Honeydrop had been brought up in that indulgent fashion generally denominated as the spoilt boy. Nothing was too good for him—at least, so thought his papa and mamma; to them he was a genius. Why did they think so? He was *their* boy—their only child—their family. Quite sufficient reason; if you are either a father or a mother, dear reader, you will agree with me; if you are not—well, believe me. Horatio Honeydrop had now grown from boyhood to—he was of age. His figure was what is politely termed slim, and standing upright he would have measured some six feet one inch, but owing to a peculiar and eccentric stoop—not a hump, mind—he appeared only to be about five feet nine. His complexion was of the healthiest bilious sallow I have ever seen, and contrasted well with his pale blue eyes. With *pince-nez* on nose, and intelligently long hair, he looked every inch as he considered a clever man should. He was to be seen at every fashionable "At home." He had recited with enormous success, and had even once been encored for his most touching rendering of "The Dream"—his *pièce de résistance*. Was it then to be wondered at that his enormous drawing-room successes prompted him to decide upon the stage as a profession? Having gone through the trying ordeal of the severe criticism of his friends and his friends' friends with the most satisfactory results to himself, he began to look for a theatre, and, gradually becoming professional, allowed his hair to grow another inch and a quarter. "How intellectual he looks!" Possessing many friends who were quite sure of his ability, it was not long ere he found a syndicate to provide the very necessary "advance," and—*presto!* he was an actor-manager. It was superfluous to imagine this genius needed professional stage experience; the schooling of the old-fashioned stock company was not only rapidly dying a serious death, but was beneath, far beneath his consideration. He had gone through the mill in nearly every drawing-room in London, to the full appreciation of his friends; what more need any man do? "Acting can never be learned," quoth he; "it is born in us—a gift. Experience—bah! give me good parts, and my friends in front."

He sent for the most successful author, who, after careful consideration, agreed to write him a play, with the result that a great hole was knocked in the "advance"; but what mattered that to Horatio Honeydrop? He had a good connection. The author, a clever, shrewd man, studied Horatio, and photographed him as he was to the part he was to play. At the first few rehearsals H. H., prompted by his genius, did act, at times rising to tragedy in a strikingly tragic sense. The author, who I remember played utility with me some years ago at the Theatre Royal, ——, saw Honeydrop's terrible mistake—*he wasn't himself*. The author quietly suggested how he thought the part should be *played*, and Honeydrop, finding his personal peculiarities quite sufficient attraction, dropped the powerfully nervous, restless style he had assumed, and simmered down to the cool and calm—my-turn-to-go-on, my-time-to-get-off sort of actor.

The first night had arrived, and the house was crowded with the most fashionable audience fashion had ever turned out. The curtain rose—at last Horatio Honeydrop made his entrance. What a reception! Cheered to the echo, he was a successful actor before he had acted. Bravo, Honeydrop! The play was ended, the baize had fallen; Honeydrop—I mean Mr. Honeydrop—

was called and re-called. Bravo! Hurrah! He was at once fashionable—well!

Time rolled on, and Horatio Honeydrop still retained his theatre. He had continually changed his private partnerships. Being a partial man, he wished all his friends to have a chance of making money. They all in turn had the chance. That Honeydrop might add to his fame, he was asked to contribute to a certain annual, so he sat himself down with pens, ink, and paper—a miniature stationer's shop—to write his story. After biting the ends off several quills, he began to nervously walk round the room; sitting down again, he methodically combed his hair with his tapered fingers. He could not get along—what title?—what plot? He turned and re-turned the blotting-pad, but, with the exception of a few blots and upsetting the ink, he could advance no further. Ah! Ha!! Eh!!! Brilliant idea! I know how to write my story. And he did. It appeared; he was congratulated; looked upon as an author of no mean ability—wonderful! He at once wrote for monthly reviews; his stories were published in every annual. At last Christmas came round again, and he had to contribute a story for some ten annuals. Time flew by, but the editors did not receive their coveted prize. The hour for going to press had arrived, but Horatio Honeydrop's stories had not. In dismay, and with misgivings for the success of each annual, the respective editors ordered their books to be put in the press. They were duly published, and the world wondered. It inquisitively queried, as only the world can, why Honeydrop had not contributed. Poor Horatio Honeydrop fell suddenly out of the literary world—he never wrote again.

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That year was buried, just before Christmas, a man who had struggled hard with the world; he was an author, but no one knew him—then no one cared for him. Just before he died he took his wife's hand in his, and told her what a good wife she had been, that he had tried hard to succeed, but had failed through sheer want of publicity. Then he blessed her, and was gently reclining towards the pillow, when suddenly he exclaimed with a vigour it was awful to witness, "And, Mary—Mary, don't forget Mr. Horatio Honeydrop owes me £2. 10s. for the last story I wrote for him—it may comfort you when I am——" and he was. And that is how this story was written.

A New Reading.—Delphini, the Italian clown, who had to exclaim at a critical moment, "Pluck them asunder!" could produce no more intelligible speech than "Massunder em plocket!" Much mirth in the house and dismay on the stage ensued.

Beef without Mustard.—The elder Mathews had an appointment with a solicitor. They were to meet at a particular hour, at a small inn in the city, where they might hope to be quiet and undisturbed. Mathews arrived at the trysting-place a little too soon. On entering the coffee-room, he found its sole tenant, a commercial gentleman, earnestly engaged on a round of boiled beef. Mathews sat himself down by the fire, and took up a newspaper, meaning to while away the time till his friend arrived. Occasionally he glanced from the paper to the beef and from the beef to the man, till he began to fidget and look about from the top of the right-hand page to the bottom of the left in a querulous manner. Then he turned the paper inside out, and pretending to stop from reading, addressed the gentleman in a tone of ill-disguised indignation, and with a ghastly smile: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I don't think you are aware that you have no mustard." The person thus addressed looked up at him with evident surprise, mentally resenting his gratuitous interference with his tastes, and coldly bowed. Mathews resumed his paper, and, curious to see if his well-meant hint would be acted on, furtively looked round the edge of his paper, and finding the plate to be still void of mustard, concluded the man was deaf. So raising his voice to a higher key, and accosting him with sarcastic acerbity, he bawled out with syllabic precision, "Are—you—a-ware—sir—that—you—have—been—eating—boiled—beef—with—out—mustard?" Again a stiff bow and no reply. Once more Mathews affected to read, while he was really "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." At last, seeing the man's obstinate violation of conventionality and good taste, he jumped up, and in the most arbitrary and defiant manner, snatched the mustard-pot out of the cruet-stand, banged it on the table under the defaulter's nose, and shouted out, "Confound it, sir, you shall take mustard!" He then slapped his hat on his head, and ordered the waiter to show him into a private room, vowing that he had never before been under the same roof with such a savage, and that he had been made quite sick by the revolting sight which he had seen in the coffee-room.

The Notice in "The Slasher."

BY T. G. WARREN.

OUR light comedian in the stock company of the Theatre Royal, Garrison Town, J. G., was a confirmed practical joker, and very nearly made an enemy for life of one who was then our leading lady, and who is now delighting our London playgoers. For her services she received then about as many shillings as now she receives pounds; consequently she was compelled to devote all her spare time to the manufacture of dresses for the different characters she was called upon to play, and she was very proud of her skill in this particular line. She had been hard at work lately on a new dress for "Lydia Languish," which character she was to play with the Garrison amateurs, our manager having kindly granted his permission for one night only, and she anticipated a big effect for the new gown. The day after the amateur performance we were all assembled in the green room, and, of course, we were anxious to hear how the performance had gone off. "Oh, it was dreadful," said our Leading Lady. "Not one of them knew a line. The prompter was kept going all the time. I am sure they must have heard him in front." "What was your Captain Absolute like?" demanded the Juvenile Gentleman. "Dreadful," replied our L.L. "A little fat man, Major something. He ought to have played 'Bob Acres.' He wanted to kiss me in every scene." "What!!!" shrieked the company in horror. "Why is it that amateurs want to be always kissing one?" continued our L.L. "But surely," gasped our First Old Woman, "you did not permit it?" "What was I to do?" demanded our L.L. "The little Major said he couldn't do anything with the part if he were not permitted to play it his own way. Well, he couldn't reach me, so I was obliged to stoop to him. It must have looked dreadfully absurd." "How about the 'Sir Lucius'?" inquired our Leading Man. "Awful! He, too, was wretchedly imperfect; got stage-fright, stammered, shook, trembled at the knees, and looked ghastly, even through his make-up. He quite spoilt Bob Acres' big scene, for, instead of being a fire-eater, he appeared a bigger craven than Bob; so Acres' business in the Duel scene went for nothing, in consequence of Sir Lucius anticipating it." "It must have been very trying for you," suggested the Chambermaid. "Well, yes, it was; but worst of all was the light." "The light!" chorused everybody. "Yes, the gas. It was shocking. I don't know what was the matter with it, but I'm sure the audience couldn't see us distinctly. And I was awfully annoyed, because I'd taken so much pains over my new gown—had, in fact, sat up night after night altering and improving it, and here was all my labour wasted. I'm sure, in a good light it would have looked beautiful."

J. G., who up to this time had had no share in the conversation, with a merry twinkle in his eye, that denoted mischief, now asked our L.L. if she had seen *The Slasher*. *The Slasher* was a satirical paper that usually cut everything up. "No! Is there a notice in it?" "Oh, yes; a long account of the amateur performance." "Where?" asked the Low Comedian; "I didn't see any notice." "Then you couldn't have looked very carefully," said J. G., with a wink that silenced the Low Comedian. Of course it is needless to relate that J. G. was drawing on his imagination, and that there was no notice in *The Slasher*. "It's a fearful slating." "I knew it would be," said our L.L. "Do they say anything about my dress?"—with just a tinge of anxiety in her voice; "something unpleasant, I'll be bound. The light was too dreadful for——" "Yes," interrupted J. G. "They say the Sir Lucius utterly ruined Bob Acres by anticipating all his 'comic business.'" "Ha! ha! ha!" merrily laughed our L.L.; "no, do they? Well, it's perfectly true, for the Sir

Lucius was simply ghastly. But *what* do they say about my dress?" "They say—there was a great deal too much kissing, more, indeed, than was necessary for the development of the story, and that the Captain Absolute, a Major something, short, fat, and scant of breath, ought to have carried a hassock about with him, to enable him to kiss you, instead of making you stoop to kiss him." "No, do they? Ha! ha! ha!" This tickled our L.L. immensely. "Fancy Jack Absolute with a hassock. Oh! oh! But *what do* they say about my dress?" "They say—that the prompter played the most prominent part in the piece." "There!" exclaimed our L.L., looking around with an air of "Didn't I tell you so?" "I was sure they heard him in front. But *what do* they *say* about my dress?" "They say—that there was evidently some difference between the proprietor of the hall and the gas company, for a more wretched illumination——" "That's true enough," broke in our L.L.; "it was exactly like playing in a fog. But *what do* they *say* about my *dress*?" Here J. G. pretended to be driven into a corner, and assuming a confused manner, coughed "Ahem!" Our L.L., whose fingers were nervously playing with her parasol, said, "It is something unpleasant, I can see by the expression on your face. What is it? *Do* tell me; I sha'n't mind. You know I don't care a pin about their stupid criticisms; and besides, the light was so bad, they couldn't possibly judge." "No, of course not," remarked J. G.; "but I don't quite remember." "Yes, you do," said our L.L. detaining him; "you sha'n't go until you've told me. I'm sure, now, that it is something unpleasant, and I'm determined to know it." "Very well, since you insist: but mind, you force it from me." "Yes. Well——" "Well, in remarking upon your dress, they say it was a most fortunate thing for you that the light was so bad, as the semi-darkness served to conceal the blemishes of a most ill-fitting gown, which they should imagine you had made yourself."

The Midnight Train.

BY MARK QUINTON.

JACK RAYMOND and I were great friends. This was our third tour together, and I'd got to know Jack pretty well during that time; and to know Jack well was to love him dearly. Good old honest Jack! always blundering into some scrape or other, and generally through his desire to help some one in trouble. One night, after our "show" was over, and we had supped well together before a blazing fire in Jack's rooms, we produced our pipes and tobacco, and settled down for our usual evening chat. But Jack seemed preoccupied this night, his eyes had a far-away look, and his answers to my remarks were confined to grunts. "Hulloa, Jack!" I said, "what's up? Drop that sentimental look, old fellow, and come back from cloudland." "Am I looking sentimental?" sighed Jack. "Yes, most decidedly." "I can't help it, old fellow, for I feel sentimental." "*You* sentimental, Jack!" I laughed. "Oh, you can't be well! See a doctor in the morning." "In the morning I shall be all right; but to-day is the 3rd of March, and on the 3rd of March I'm always taken this way. There! now I've roused your curiosity, and sha'n't get any peace till I satisfy it; so I'll tell you my little story without any urging. Only let me tell it my own way. Don't pity me, don't laugh at me, but listen in silence. Now, here goes for

Chapter I.

"It was five years back. She had just joined the profession. By George! had she only persevered, she'd have beaten Bernhardt in a canter. What

talent! What beauty! Eyes that thrilled with every glance. A mouth that invited kisses. A figure that—ah! I see you're getting interested already. But to sum up, she was all the graces and senses rolled into one, and I loved her—wanted to marry her. She said 'Yes.' Her parents said 'No, no, no.' What was to be done? A brilliant idea. A runaway-match. I was off to America in three days' time to fulfil an engagement. Would she meet me at the station in time for the midnight train to Liverpool? I'd have a special license ready. We'd be married in Liverpool in the morning, and sail for America, husband and wife, in the afternoon. She refused; she wept; she wavered; she *consented*. Hurrah!

Chapter II.

"The night for our elopement had arrived. I got to the station at 11.40, secured two comfortable seats, then walked up and down the platform waiting patiently for her arrival. I thought several times I could see her in the distance, and gave chase to sundry ladies, much to their annoyance; but on closer inspection they always proved too tall, too short, too fat, too thin, or too something or other. The hands of the clock now pointed to 11.55, and no sign of her whatever. Then the fearful thought crossed me, had she changed her mind? Oh, impossible! I tried to think. How could I think, pestered as I was on all sides? 'Foot-warmer, sir?' 'No.' 'Glass of milk, sir?' 'No.' 'Evening paper, sir?' 'No.' 'Ticket, sir?' 'No. Yes, yes. I mean Yes'—and I promptly handed the inspector my marriage license by mistake. He clipped it, and didn't seem to mind. 'Jump in, sir, please,' said the inspector; 'it's twelve o'clock, and time's up.' I jumped in, and with no companion but my breaking heart, and the last thing I heard as we glided out of the station was the little newspaper boy shouting, 'Latest edition—shocking suicide of a gentleman in a train.' Shall I, I thought, follow this poor creature's example and end my blighted existence? Then the thought came over me, What good would come from my rash action? I should only promote the sale of the next day's evening papers, and derive no benefit myself. So I decided to live.

Chapter III.

"Two years later. I was at the first night of a new play at the Globe. The curtain-raiser was over, and the house was filling for the main piece. There were two empty stalls on my right, and just as I noticed the fact, I saw a lady and gentleman squeezing their way towards them. I looked with interest at my future neighbours. The man was a matter-of-fact, 'something in the city' kind of fellow. The lady—how my heart jumped when I gazed on her!—it was *she—my she*. She sat down beside me without any apparent sign of recognition. As for myself, I seemed paralysed, and could neither move nor speak.

"The first act came to an end. Heaven knows what it was about. The gentleman then went out. *She* then turned to me with a sweet smile, and said, 'How do you do, Mr. Raymond? I trust you've forgotten all that nonsense we indulged in two years back. I have forgiven you, and I hope in return you will forget.' 'Forget!' I said. 'Yes,' she replied, 'as completely as you forgot to keep your appointment at the station.' 'Madam,' I said sternly, 'I waited with the special license at Euston——' 'At Euston!' she exclaimed. 'Why, I waited at St. Pancras.' 'At St. Pancras!' I gasped; 'but there was no midnight train to Liverpool from St. Pancras!' 'Yes, there was,' she replied; 'I saw it leave. You didn't mention the station, and when I found a train left St. Pancras for Liverpool at midnight, I knew that must be the one.' 'Oh, dearest one!' I commenced, 'what a fearful mistake have we——' but she stopped me, saying, 'Hush! I see my dear *husband* is returning. So pleased to have met an old friend.'

"I left the theatre at once, rushed to my club, called for an A B C railway-guide, and there saw the dreadful truth—that trains leave both Euston and St. Pancras for Liverpool at midnight precisely.

"There's the end of my romance, old fellow," sighed Jack. "And to think that but for those infernal railway companies there might have been a sweet little wife sitting opposite to me in the chair you're now occupying, and a little kiddy or two asleep upstairs, and——" here Jack broke off abruptly, and said gruffly, "There, good night. Go home. I want to be alone." I just had time to seize my hat and stick before Jack's strong hand was on my shoulder, urging me to the street-door. "See you at rehearsal—eleven—to-morrow," says Jack. Then the street-door bangs behind me, and I stroll off home, thinking "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

GOOD NOT THE WORD.—A brother actor, who had not exactly "taken the house by storm" at his first appearance in London, very stupidly asked Compton, "Was my acting good?" "Well," was the reply, delivered in his inimitable style, "hum! ha! good is not the word."

MR. MAPLESON tells us that he had contracted to pay Madame Patti £1,000 a night for singing in New York, but one night he had only £800 to offer. Madame Patti said she must terminate the contract, but on reflection thought of another plan: "Two hours afterwards Signor Franchi reappeared. 'I cannot understand,' he said, 'how it is you get on so well with *prime donne*, and especially with Madame Patti. You are a marvellous man, and a fortunate one, too, may I add. Madame Patti does not wish to break her engagement with you, as she certainly would have done with anyone else under the circumstances. Give me the £800, and she will make every preparation for going on to the stage. She empowers me to tell you that she will be at the theatre in good time for the beginning of the opera, and that she will be ready dressed in the costume of "Violetta," with the exception only of the shoes. You can let her have the balance when the doors open and the money comes in from the outside public; and directly she receives it she will put her shoes on, and at the proper moment make her appearance on the stage.' I thereupon handed him the £800 I had already in hand as the result of subscriptions in advance. 'I congratulate you on your good luck,' said Signor Franchi as he departed with the money in his pocket. After the opening of the doors I had another visit from Signor Franchi. By this time an extra sum of £160 had come in. I handed it to my benevolent friend, and begged him to carry it without delay to the obliging *prima donna*, who, having received £960, might, I thought, be induced to complete her toilet pending the arrival of the £40 balance. Nor was I altogether wrong in my hopeful anticipations. With a beaming face, Signor Franchi came back and communicated to me the joyful intelligence that Madame Patti had got one shoe on. 'Send her the £40,' he added, 'and she will put on the other.' Ultimately, the other shoe was got on; but not, of course, until the last £40 had been paid. Then Madame Patti, her face radiant with benignant smiles, went on to the stage; and the opera, already begun, was continued brilliantly until the end."

MRS. STIRLING AT THE ROYAL MINT.—About twenty years ago, writes Mr. Joseph Newton, this lady, with a party of three or four, visited the Royal Mint and presented to the visitors' messenger an order from the master for them to be conducted through the establishment. Mr. Newton was standing in the office at the moment of their arrival, and having often seen Mrs. Stirling on the stage, he at once recognised her, and made up his mind what to do. He dismissed the messenger to other duties and took charge of the visitors himself. A coinage of gold was in progress, and the improvised guide explained every process with great minuteness and care. Mrs. Stirling and her friends were delighted with what they saw and heard, and the actress profusely thanked Mr. Newton, without then knowing his name, for his courteous attention to herself and party. "Mrs. Stirling," said Mr. Newton, addressing her by name, and to her great surprise, "Mrs. Stirling, any attention I may have shown to you on this occasion is but a very small return for the vast amount of pleasure I have derived from witnessing your performances on the London stage." "Oh! then you knew me when I came to the Mint Office?" "Know you!" observed Mr. Newton; "I was present when you made your first curtsey to a Metropolitan audience at the Adelphi Theatre, and played Biddy Nutts in Buckstone's drama of *The Wreck Ashore*." "Oh! pray do not say *how long ago* that was," said Mrs. Stirling, "but you are quite correct as to the fact." "Since that time, madame," said Her Majesty's chief coiner, "I have seen you hundreds of times in an infinite variety of characters, and I admired you in them all." "This is indeed fame," was the reply, "and I again thank you for your kindness and your compliments: good-bye." "Yet a moment; I do not wish you to go from the Mint empty-handed. Will you accept, as a small memento of your visit, a little case of Maundy money?" "Oh!" returned Mrs. Stirling, "this is really too bad; you make a presentation of plate, and I have had no notice of it, and cannot, therefore, make a speech in reply. However, I accept it." The next remark of the versatile actress rather astonished Mr. Newton, for she said, "Are you married?" He replied in the affirmative, and added that he had a family. "Then," said the lady, "I will send you a box for Friday next, when you will see me attempt the part of Peg Woffington, in *Masks and Faces*, which I think the best part I ever played." Mrs. Stirling kept her word, and Mr. Newton occupied, with his children and some friends, a stage box at the Adelphi on the evening indicated by the giver of the box, and all the visitors were delighted. Mr. Newton and Mrs. Stirling have been friends ever since, and the morocco case of Maundy money is still in her possession.

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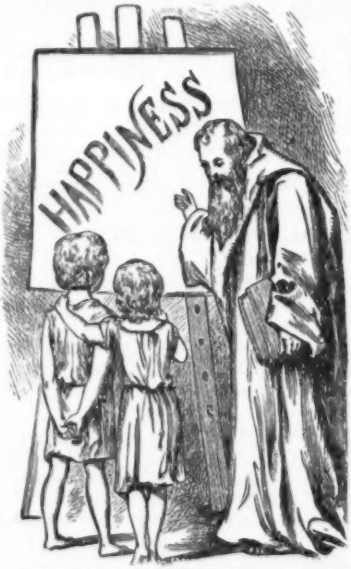
Tennyson.



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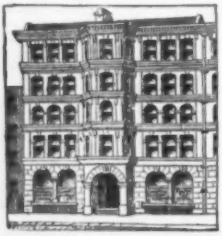

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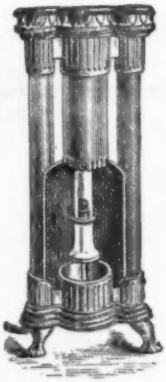

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